

Sports Illustrated

MAY 9, 1966 35 CENTS



JOHN HAVLICEK



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Contents

MAY 9, 1966 Volume 24, No. 19

Cover photograph by Fred Kaplan



28



30



34



54



66



80



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Credits on page 92

22 A Scrambled Kentucky Derby

Grant's last race is shown in color, and Whitney Tower analyzes what is left of the field

28 Gashouse Full of Memories

The St. Louis Cardinals are abandoning old Sportsman's Park, but it will never be forgotten

30 Some Old Pros Refuse to Die

The Boston Celtics, sparked by a fiery young pro, retained their title and Red Auerbach went out a winner

35 All Alone with the Future

In Jack Olsen's final installment, an isolated Cassius Clay spars with a future he cannot control

54 The Auto Race Sicily Loves

It is the venerable and thrilling Targa Florio—to be run this week for the 50th time

66 The Winning Way to Nassau

Jim White once again proves himself tops in ocean racing by outgassing the elements before the start

80 Trip to Chickcharney Country

Andros Island—home of three-toed, red-eared leprechauns—provides a spooky background for a fishing safari

Next week

THE DERBY REPORT includes all the color that the annual one-day festival and an especially uncertain horse race can provide. By Whitney Tower and a corps of cameramen.

THE LAST ACT of this year's Stanley Cup playoffs is bent on giving us bigger and better surprises. Martin Kane follows pro hockey's suspenseful drama right up to the climactic curtain.

TROUT ARE PLENTIFUL in the Teton River, and you will easily catch your limit if Alma Kuntz helps you and you follow Jack Olsen's advice about using a Pink Downright.

The departments

- | | |
|------------------|--------------------|
| 12 Scorecard | 76 Bridge |
| 65 People | 78 Golf |
| 66 Boating | 97 Baseball's Week |
| 68 Olympic Games | 98 For the Record |
| 70 Boxing | 99 19th Hole |
| 74 Track | |

1

If you have forced-air heat, you own half a G-E Central Air Conditioning system already.



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penetrating
action***



Talon makes the nylon zipper for baseball players of all ages. It always remembers to stay up.





The tuned car's family plan.

What makes a car a car is styling, performance, ride and handling. Only when they're all tuned together is the car a Buick. Like this '66 Riviera.

There is nothing in the least dull about the 1966 Buick Riviera. Which is a switch on the family cars a lot of people think about, when they think about family cars.

Riviera? A family car? Yes, indeed. Riviera has seats enough for six. Roomy, comfortable seats. Standard equipment.

Which means you can have fun with a car and a family too.

How the tuned car does it. Most people are used to thinking of the Riviera as a sleek, international classic with superbly comfortable seats for four. True enough. Except for 1966, Riviera has room for two added starters. (Before we say another word, we should say that buckets up front are also standard. Take your choice. Or you can choose our new notch-back front seat, which converts from a regular bench seat to semi-buckets. For those family occasions when you

leave the kids home with the sister.)

This accommodation to your comfort should come as no surprise to you. The tuned car is, after all, concerned with people. That's why it's tuned in the first place. A magnificent blend of styling, performance, ride and handling, the tuned car by Buick is everything you could hope for on four wheels.

Tuning means this: a 340-hp Wildcat V-8, a Super Turbine automatic, and remarkably swift reaction to the wheel.

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And tuning means this: safety equipment built in right at the factory. Seat belts all around. A padded dash. Padded sun visors. Back-up lights. A shatter-resistant rear-view mirror inside. An-

other rear-view mirror outside. Two-speed electric wipers. And windshield washers so you can see where you're going when the going gets dirty.

How to start the tuned car doing for you. One nice thing about this Riviera is that it's built in this country (contrary to the idea that all great cars come from across the seas). Which means that to get one all you have to do is visit your Buick dealer.

The Riviera comes equipped with power steering, power brakes, a tilt steering wheel, and a liberal helping of other delights, besides that engine and transmission set.

In fact, about the only thing you could wish for that the tuned car *doesn't* come with is a family.

Plan ahead.

Wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

1966 Buick. The tuned car.

GM



Suddenly

*the parkway
becomes the
straightaway
at Sebring*

You're on your way to work... and suddenly you're rocketing down the course at Sebring. The whine of high-performance engines roars in your ears. You wipe a sleeve over smeared goggles that aren't there. Your hands lighten on the wheel. And all you did was change to Castrol, the motor oil that gets to moving parts fast when the engine is cold, retains its body when the engine is hot, and gives you maximum mileage between changes. The serviceman said Castrol helped the U.S. win its first world championship last year. Mmmmm. Wonder what they put in those cans.



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little bit of
racing in every
Castrol can*

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BOOKTALK

The wonderful mispent life and times of Hugh Llewellyn, the Earl of Lonsdale

The Prince of Wales may have exaggerated a little when he said that Hugh Llewellyn, the fifth Earl of Lonsdale, was "the greatest liar in my kingdom." Douglas Sutherland's suave biography, *The Yellow Earl* (Coward-McCann, \$6), says that Hugh, liar or not, was the greatest sportsman and the greatest spender of his time. His life was on such a lavish scale that its bare facts seem fanciful imaginings. A younger son, Hugh was scarcely educated. Ordered to study under a tutor, he got Jem Mace, the barefoot champion of England, to teach him to box. Sent to school in Switzerland, he ran away and spent a year with the circus.

In 1882, at the age of 25, Hugh unexpectedly inherited the title, a castle with 365 rooms, two steam yachts, two London mansions and an income of £4,000 a week. Somehow he managed to run through the whole fortune before he died in 1944. His pocket money—tips and such—came to £80,000 a year. His carriages and his coachmen's livery were bright yellow. Showmanship, generosity and, above all, his enthusiasm for sports, especially prizefighting, made him a favorite with the common people, who called him the Yellow Earl and delighted in the scandals that attended his amorous adventures.

The aristocracy was less enthusiastic, however. He was said to be "almost an emperor and not quite a gentleman." When Hugh began courting Lily Langtry, the mistress of the Prince of Wales, he aroused the antagonism of Sir George Chetwynd, who was courting her himself. Shouting, "Don't meddle with my lady!" Sir George struck Hugh with his riding whip. Then they fought with their fists, rolling in the dust, until they were separated by the Duke of Portland. Subsequently, Queen Victoria "let it be known she expected Lord Lonsdale to leave the country."

Hugh made a remarkable exploring trip through the Northwest Territories and Alaska, later spoiling his creditable achievement by missing he had reached the North Pole.

As boxing chairman of the Pelican Club, which was trying to legalize prizefighting, he virtually created the modern sport, inserting on the Marquess of Queensberry rules and inaugurating timed rounds. The present Earl of Lonsdale in the preface says rather sadly that the castle is now a ruin, but graciously adds of his predecessor: "As long as boxing is tolerated, so long as the British people enjoy coursing, hunting, shooting and racing, not to forget the circus, show jumping and the more mundane world of agricultural shows, sheep-dog trials and hound trials, his name will live on."

—ROBERT CANTWELL

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SCORECARD

BUILDING UP THE BOWLS

The nearest thing to a national championship play-off in college football is one of the postseason bowl games—when it matches the right teams. This seldom happens, because the competition among the bowls to get outstanding teams has led the sponsors into the trap of inviting schools when their seasons are little more than half completed. In other words, bowl without conference commitments—the Sugar, Orange and Gator, for example—will gleefully make a firm deal any year a name team like Alabama has a 5-0 record, gambling that the Crimson Tide will win most of its remaining games. These gambles can backfire.

Happily for those of us who could like to see a national bowl down the bowl every year, the NCAA has taken a step in that direction. Starting this year no bowl may issue an invitation—officially or privately—before the third Monday in November or on the Monday before a team's final regular game, whichever comes later.

The rule should work, because the NCAA is dealing from strength. Each year all bowl games must come up for certification, and if the NCAA finds proof that a sponsor has quietly issued illegal invitations, that bowl runs the risk of being outlawed.

"This rule has a chance because the bowls themselves want it," says Arkansas Coach Frank Broyles, a frequent bowl visitor. "This is a good rule."

We quite agree. We look forward to more meetings between 9-1 and 10-0 teams and fewer involving a couple of 7-3s that were selected in mid-October and then began to tail off.

ENTER AL DAVIS

In his first statements after moving into Joe Foss's old office as commissioner of the American Football League, 36-year-old Al Davis predictably called for warfare all along the line. Sounding somewhat like a spurned lover crying, "Who needs love?" Davis announced that he is opposed to a merger with the NFL. "I

really don't care much about the other league," Davis said. "As a coach [and general manager at Oakland] I felt a merger would hurt us."

Considering NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle's constant refusal even to discuss the issues with the AFL, the attitude of Davis is understandable. But there is a possibility that the new AFL posture is merely a matter of tactics, an attempt to accomplish with a tough policy what was not accomplished with an amiable one.

The AFL, fighting to build up its TV rating as well as its ticket sales, will attack the NFL with all the tricks the ingenious Davis can think of. Included are expansion to at least three more cities (among them, the NFL bastion, Chicago), more effective scouting systems, more money to be spent on signings and a baby-sitting system such as the one the NFL uses for hiding players during drafting time. The result is likely to cost owners in both leagues millions of dollars and provoke increasing unrest among veterans.

Well, that's tough. But we are sorry for pro-football fans who are not getting the championship game they want and are entitled to expect.

THE SUPERGYM

If those Canadian kids are really in better shape than our kids—and they look better to Seattle's physical-education chief, William Haroldson—there may be a way to catch up. The secret could be the new "agility apparatus" that has become the school rage in Canada.

Haroldson imported one and last week introduced it on a trial basis at Seattle's Sacajawea Elementary School. It is a sort of super jungle gym, requiring 40 feet of wall space and an 18-foot ceiling. It folds out to nine feet in width, like a piece of modern walk-in sculpture, and features ladders, rings, parallel bars, balance benches, windows, climbing ropes and a cargo net.

According to Haroldson, the gym can

increase a child's grace and agility as no other device is able to. More than 200 are in Canadian schools, and the factory has a backlog of orders for more. Haroldson hopes to equip all Seattle schools with them.

It is catching on already. Sacajawea youngsters took one look at the gym and swarmed into it. Now the teachers, who usually can take jungle gyms or leave them alone, are talking about sending the kids home early so they can play on it themselves.

THE COATHANGER OLYMPICS

Stuffing phone booths is Out. Skateboarding is Out. Swallowing goldfish is way, way Out. Knibbling is In. The fount of American Knibbling (pronounced with a hard K) is Baltimore, and students at Johns Hopkins University and the nearby College of Notre Dame are its prophets.

A Knibbler takes a wire coathanger and bends it into a square. The hanger then is held upside down by an index finger. A coin (Swiss francs are most stable, but a penny will do nicely) is then balanced horizontally on the very tip of



the hanger hook. The idea is to twirl the hanger around the finger in a vertical plane and keep the coin in place by centrifugal force. That part is easy; the real test comes in slowing down and stopping the Knibbling Hook. Next, one must start it up again or reverse it with the coin still balanced.

"Hopkins students hold all the world records in this new sport," says Henry M. Hocherman, a 19-year-old sophomore and captain of the school team. He is captain because he can Knibble with

continued



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Please rush me _____ (cigarettes, hand-rubbed Lord Bentley pipe(s)) I understand that you pay postage. For each pipe, I enclose \$2 plus the red tabs from two pouches of Masterpiece Pipe Tobacco, or the inner seal from a Masterpiece canister.

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SCORECARD

three hangers hung in tandem. Hopkins players claim to have balanced as many as eight pennies in one Knibbler. And at Hopkins a Master Knibbler is one who can spin a large coin balanced atop a smaller one.

Since no athletic mark goes unchallenged, the Hopkins boasts will surely be met, perhaps surpassed. If so, do not call us. We'll call you.

THE FRINGED BENEFITS

Win the Greater Dallas Golf Open, the sponsors announced, and you win more than money. To promote Big D as a city of fashion as well as a sports center, free wardrobes were given to wives of the first three finishers. The winner's share was \$1,250 worth of clothes, and the day after he shot a 276 Roberto De Vincenzo showed up at the store as a champion golfer—and an average husband. He didn't know his wife's sizes.

Wife Delta was back home in Buenos Aires. "I saw a little girl out there about the size of Delia," said Roberto helpfully, nodding toward the street. "But I'd have to hug her to make sure." However, Roberto had to go it alone. How about that \$250 white evening gown? "Ah, that would be very good," said Roberto. "But it would be better with Delia inside." Wrap it up. A \$25 backless creation? He took that, too. Within 30 minutes Roberto had added a pair of \$125 cocktail dresses, assorted daytime numbers and lingerie. The least expensive item in the package was a \$10 pair of walking shorts. "Delia will be a very surprised girl," he said.

Pleased, yes. Surprised, no. Winner De Vincenzo may be as naive about that as he was about the sizes. The rules had said the winner could shop for the lady of his choice. And as one tournament wife purred sweetly, "I had better be the lady of his choice."

A SMALL GRIPE

Billy Gaines is mad, and we don't blame him. Billy is New Jersey's fastest-moving object west of the foreign diplomats on the Jersey Turnpike. He is a sophomore sprinter at Clearview Regional High School and is playfully called Peanuts by his admirers because he stands only 5 feet 5.

Billy is sore because his pint-size stature might have cost him a race in last Saturday's rain-soaked Penn Relays. Running before 24,252 spectators, Billy

continued



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before you
lean



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you can lean on
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EVINRUDE
first in  outboards

and John Carlos of New York's Princeton Club appeared to hit the tape simultaneously. But Carlos brushed the tape with his chest and Billy hit it slightly below the neck. Billy tossed his hands over his head in the traditional winner's gesture, while Carlos stumbled and fell face-first in the mud. Officials credited each runner with a time of 9.7 but gave the victory to Carlos.

Billy has been doing a lot of thinking about the inch or two of distance he is giving up to taller rivals by hitting the tape at neck level rather than at his outthrust chest, and he doesn't know what to do about it. Unless he can persuade the officials to lower the tape a bit, he may just have to wait until he grows out of his predicament.

GLAD YOU ASKED

Everything was great with Alan Geerts of Elkhart, Ind., after he shot a hole in one at the Eberhart-Petro Golf Course in Mishawaka, Ind. Then somebody asked him his score for the round. It was 98-76-174 for the 18 holes. Not bad, Geerts thought, for his third round of golf, and the first time he had broken 200.

THE OTHER BILL BRADLEY

Keep an eye on Bill Bradley—not the former Princeton basketball All-American, but the University of Texas freshman quarterback who seems to do everything well. The boy who turned down a rich baseball bonus to play football under Coach Darrell Royal accompanied the Texas freshman track team to Houston for a quadrangular meet. He went along just for the bus ride but was a last-minute entry in the field events. What happened came as no surprise to Bradley's fans. He cleared 12 feet for second place in the pole vault, took second in the broad jump with a leap of 22 feet one inch and high-jumped 6 feet for fourth place in that event.

THE FAN DU JOUR

No matter that the Cincinnati Reds were not unanimous favorites to finish first in the National League. Let's hear it for Louis (Duke) Bodkin, a candidate for dogged fan of the season.

Duke was so carried away when the Reds won the pennant back in 1961 that he dropped the price of bean soup from 20¢ to a nickel a bowl at his Rock Bar Cafe in Ludlow, Ky. He would keep the

continued



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for every sport and everyday wear, too!

SCORECARD

price at a nickel, sowed Duke, until the Red's won another flag.

Duke and Cincinnati are still waiting. This may be the year, though. As an added offering to the gods of baseball, Bodkin promises to slash the price to 3c a bowl if the 1966 pennant flies in Cincy. He is clinging to at least one thin thread of business reality: the customers would have to bring their own crackers.

DASH FOR CASH

While it is true that mere money in vulgar quantities does not confer distinction upon a horse race, breed improvers will no doubt want to take note of the fact that Rudolfo Downs near Roswell, N. Mex. may offer a purse of half a million dollars for its All American Quarter Horse Futurity on Labor Day. The race is at 400 yards and lasts only about 20 seconds, which means that the run could be made at the rate of \$1,250 a yard, \$25,000 a second.

THE BEAUTY PART

Mrs. Lyndon Johnson and all other Americans concerned with scenic beauty will be glad to hear that New Mexico folks are with it.

An Albuquerque citizen recently stopped in an office in the state capitol in Santa Fe to ask for the location of the Governor's Committee to Keep New Mexico Beautiful. A very helpful receptionist searched the directory and gave him an address. It turned out to be the office of the State Cosmetology Board.

THEY SAID IT

• Vince Lombardi, Green Bay Packer coach, on the possibility of package football contract negotiations: a la Koufax-Drysdale. "If they come in my office as a group they'll go out as a group. I guarantee you that."

• Dave Nelson, athletic director at the University of Delaware, asked if he would buy a season ticket now that he has retired as football coach. "I'm going to wait and see what kind of team they have."

• Arthur (Red) Patterson, vice-president of the Los Angeles Dodgers, after they had been shut out by identical scores of 2-0 by Chicago's Ferguson Jenkins and Ken Holtzman and St. Louis' Larry Jaster. "It's getting embarrassing. Jenkins, Holtzman and Jaster—that sounds like a law firm."

END

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1. *strongly* / *smooth*
 2. *very* / *half* / *and* / *near*;
 3. *and* / *at* / *off* / *on*

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THE RACE THAT SCRAMBLED THE DERBY

In the first defeat of his career last week, Grausterk (on the left) loses by a nose to Abe's Hope in the slop at Keeneland. He came out of the race with an infected hoof, which muddled all calculations for Saturday's Kentucky Derby. Now Abe's Hope, the Illinois-bred here ridden by champion Willie Shoemaker, may be the big race favorite

by WHITNEY TOWER

CONTINUED







A ROMANTIC TALE WITH AN UNHAPPY ENDING

Like most young ladies of her generation, Miss Mabel Galbreath thrived on the romantic novels of George Barr McCutcheon. And of all the popular writer's works, her favorite was a "story of love behind the throne" in a mythical central European kingdom known as Graustark. McCutcheon produced this heartthrobber in 1901, and it fascinated the older sister of Ohio millionaire John Galbreath. The capital of Graustark was the city of Edelweiss, and through the novel's pages Princess Yette, the rightful ruler who occasionally passed herself off as Sophia Guggensloeker, came into contact—and sometimes conflict—with such characters as Mr. Anguish, the Prince of Asplain, the Duke of Marros, Baron Darglow, a certain Siskv and, of course, the Countess Dagmar. In the last chapter, naturally, Princess Yette, aided by our hero, Greenfall Lorry, set things right in Graustark, and the two of them lived happily ever after. Sixty-three years later, having forgotten not a word of the novel, Mabel Galbreath, then 78 and living in an apartment in Columbus, Ohio, went to her brother with a belated pitch for George Barr McCutcheon. "John," she pleaded, "won't you ever name a horse the way I ask you to?"

"Of course I will," replied the owner of Darby Dan Farm as he ran his finger down the list of the 1963 crop, then yearlings. "This one," said Mabel Galbreath, pointing to the pedigree of a chestnut colt by Ribot out of the mare Flower Bowl. "This one—I'd be very pleased if you would name him Graustark."

Until a few weeks ago it appeared quite likely that Mabel Galbreath's choice would experience the same sort of ultimate glory—in his case, by winning the 92nd Kentucky Derby—as Princess Yette had more than half a century ago in the Alpine wonderland of Graustark. But, suddenly, things began to go wrong

with the most famous 3-year-old colt in America.

A Derby without Graustark will not bring about either a blackout or general mourning in Louisville. But it will mean that for the first time in memory the first 11 horses on the Experimental Free Handicap (the annual list of the previous season's 2-year-olds weighted according to their classic potential) will not start at Churchill Downs. Among the missing, besides Graustark, will be Backpacer, Coursing, Lathers Image and Prince Sam, as well as the two leading fillies of the division in 1965, Moroccan and Praiseless Gem. Also on the sidelines will be Boldnesian, Saber Mountain and Bufile, leaving such a mixed bag of hopeful also-rans and honest contenders that the elusives could draw as many as 18 and provide the kind of traffic jam one expects only on a fogbound San Diego freeway.

Owners of thoroughbred racehorses, whether well-bred, expensively produced and carrying spotless records, or undeserving mediocrities who belong on the half-mile circuit, want to see their salls in the Derby. This is the most glamorous, gripping, one-day attraction in American sport and, if there is a chance to be in on the act, few horsemen can resist it. Curiously, when the prospective field draws three or four standstills, that usually is sufficient to scare off the humpers-dumpees—as was the case in 1957. But when there is only one, he does not frighten off the opposition, for everyone knows that if something goes wrong with the best horse that gives all the survivors a chance. And the best horse has been withdrawn before: a linear fracture knocked out Sir Gaylord 48 hours before the 1962 Derby, a stone bruise finished Gen. Duke at scratch time on Derby Day in 1957, and in 1931 the great I quipose was pulled out during the running of the Derby Day card when it was discovered he had a quarter crack.

The growing uncertainty about Graustark, after a succession of training interruptions, brought a large invasion of pretenders to the crown to Louisville even before he was withdrawn. And with

good reason. After running sensationally at Arlington Park three times last year, Graustark was fired for shin splints and given a long rest. His return to action this winter at Hialeah was held up by a bruise on his left hind heel that forced him to skip the Flamingo and the Florida Derby, both at the mile-and-an-eighth distance that Derby contenders are almost obliged to tackle in these days of arduous winter racing.

Last week trouble struck again, this time decisively. Trailing at Keeneland for his first effort over a distance in the mile-and-an-eighth Blue Grass Stakes, he had never gone over seven furlongs before—Graustark came up with a minor infection in the hoof of his left front foot. It apparently was cleared up overnight, and he went in the Blue Grass. On a track so sloppy and gritty that he scraped the backs of all four ankles, he was beaten a nose by Abe's Hope. The next day infection set in again, and X rays revealed he had broken a bone in the left front foot and would not run in the Derby—or in any other race, ever.

Graustark's stable will be criticized for running him at Keeneland on an off track. Before the race, Galbreath defended this action. "We have to go in a mile-and-a-furlong race to test him, and it is now or never." A few minutes later, as the rain whipped down on a stunned Keeneland audience, he added, "We thought he was in and he wasn't." Trainer Loyd Gentry, in a way, agreed. "It was the first time he'd had to go all out, and he came back tired as hell. When Abe's Hope got by him in the stretch, Graustark came on again. He did the last eighth in 12¹/₂ seconds and showed he had real guts. Still, I'll tell you, there's nothing like being seasoned. And I mean seasoned."

About the time that Gentry was offering this explanation and trying to believe it himself, there were other things being said about Graustark. A veteran Kentucky horseman said gloomily, "There's no way a horse this strong and fast can last on the tracks we have today. When he breaks down, everything's going to go. Horses like Graustark virtu-

continued

Surging ahead to finish first in the Florida Derby, Abe's Hope (11) was later disqualified, and Westminster Kid (10), who closed fast to take second, was declared the official winner.

ly kick themselves to pieces. Count Fleet was so fast that after he won the Belmont by 25 lengths he was finished for good. It was his last race." And in New York a knowledgeable bookmaker was saying to a friend, "Graustark may have been made one of the greatest false favorites in Derby history. Most other Derby favorites raced themselves into condition by going a mile and a sixteenth or nine furlongs during the spring and winter. This colt didn't. I don't care who a trainer is, there is no substitute for seasoning a horse for a mile and a quarter by racing competition. Workouts, no matter how brilliant, won't do it alone."

The two most seasoned colts who may go off as favorites in this Derby are an Illinois-bred and a Maryland-bred named, respectively, Abe's Hope and Kauai King. Not much was heard from either last year, but both now appear to be legitimate contenders and should relish going a testing distance.

Abe's Hope is the hard-luck horse of this year's Florida season. He was beaten a skinny nose by Buckpasser in the betless "Chicken Flamingo" after leading at the sixteenth pole, and a month later he won the Florida Derby only to lose it on a disqualification. In four races at a mile and an eighth he has never finished worse than third, and in his most recent effort he beat Graustark a nose after being seven lengths behind on the backstretch. Some experts believe his Blue Grass victory was the result of Graustark's lack of seasoning and an over-confident ride by Braulio Baeza on the favorite. Others assume Abe's Hope beat an ailing horse. But it is also true that Abe's Hope is a running little fool crammed with courage.

Bred by Illinois Racing Commissioner William S. Miller, Abe's Hope is a son of Miller's Better Bee who, in his day, won a lot of stakes around Chicago, including three at nine furlongs, and also posted a victory over Round Table. Last summer Miller, in a package deal, sold three colts and a filly (all by Better Bee) to Chicago Pontiac Dealer Joseph Bartell, who had been in racing about six years without achieving any shattering success. A few months later Bartell, who is 62, took in as his partner 36-year-old Robert Byfield, who is in the hotel-management business in Chicago. Next to acquiring Abe's Hope, the best thing the partners have going for them in their Pontiac-inspired Grand Prix Stable is

Trainer Del Carroll, a truly fine horse-man who also happens to be one of 10 eight-goal polo players in America.

Abe's Hope was named for a groom, Vele (Abe) Belinoff, whose hope it was before he died of cancer last year that the colt he rubbed and cared for so faithfully would one day win the Kentucky Derby. The horse has a distinct personality in addition to a courageous way of running. As a yearling on the farm he would stretch out in his stall and snore so loudly that the stable hands called him Rip van Winkle. They had to kick him to get him up. But he is as well-balanced as one of Carroll's polo ponies and just as manageable.

Before sending Abe's Hope out against Graustark last week, Carroll told Jockey Bill Shoemaker, "We're not supposed to beat Graustark, and it's no disgrace to lose." When Shoe came back a winner, with cakes of mud hiding his broad smile, he said, "He's a little horse who did a big job. Now take him home, feed him well and give him some rest, because he's got a big job to do next week." Co-owner Byfield, guzzling champagne, added, "I never even thought I'd own a horse until six months ago."

Just six years ago Omaha Industrialist Mike Ford entered the horse business. Ford is a handsome, crew-cut ex-marine who, as a Pfc. in the 2nd Division, fought in the invasion of Saipan and Tinian. With his father and his uncle, Ford invented and manufactured freight-car doors of corrugated-wood-and-steel strapping after the war. They sold out in 1959 to the International Stanley Corp., and suddenly Mike Ford had some money to play with. He took on as advisor another young man named Tommy Gentry, whose uncle Loyd trains for Galbreath and whose father, Olin, runs Galbreath's Darby Dan Farm. Tommy Gentry steered Mike Ford into some expensive but eventually profitable purchases: Royal Gunner, \$57,000; Umbrella II-la, \$17,000; and, finally, Kauai King, \$42,000.

Tom's uncle Loyd, then a public trainer, handled all of these horses for Ford and turned Kauai King over to Trainer Henry Forrest last year when he accepted the job with Galbreath. "I remember when I had Graustark and Kauai King together at the training center at St. Lucie [Fla.]," said Gentry recently. "I knew

Graustark was something exceptional right away, but Kauai King was the only colt who could come close to staying with him. Early this year, before any of the 3-year-olds had done anything, I thought Kauai King would be the one all of us would have to beat."

Ford and Forrest have brought Kauai King along carefully. He is a son of Native Dancer out of the Blenheim II mare Sweep In. In eight starts this year (he made only four as a 2-year-old because of bucked shins) he has won six times.

None of the others among the prospective Derby starters are likely to close at short odds. Some have a right to be in the gate on Saturday, while others will just clutter up the first desperation run and interfere with the more worthy.

Stupendous, Mrs. Henry C. Plupps's son of Bold Ruler, has as much chance as any other colt. He is three for eight on the season but on occasion does some real running. He was second to Buckpasser in the Everglades and later won the one-mile Gotham. On the other hand, Stupendous was defeated by Blue Skyer, hardly a world-beater, in the Louisiana Derby and, with no excuse, lost to Kauai King at Bowie. Williamston Kid, the son of Piet, owned by Detesters Paul Ternes and Jim Bartlett, won the Florida Derby after the disqualification of Abe's Hope. But that is his only claim to fame. Amberoid, Advocate and Exhibitionist, who finished first, second and fifth respectively in the recent Wood Memorial at Aqueduct, have all had too many chances—and too few successes—against the best horses. Amberoid comes from very far out of it; unless you happen to be the best horse (i.e., Needles, Carry Back), that is risky in a Derby. It is hard to take seriously the appearance of Qunta, Fleet Shoe, Rehabilitate, Sky Guy, Sean E Indian, Demosir and Tragnew.

When, late Saturday afternoon, the horses roar away from the gate, many in the audience will be remembering that for the past three years the Derby winner had won the Blue Grass the week before. This year Abe's Hope should make it four in a row.

And, as Mabel Galbreath must sadly recall, outside her beloved kingdom of Graustark there are sometimes unhappy endings.

END

They're off! The scene at Churchill Downs will be repeated for the 82nd time Saturday.







GASHOUSE FULL OF MEMORIES

When they move into bright, clean and slightly antiseptic Busch Memorial Stadium next week, the St. Louis Cardinals will become the 10th big league team in the last 11 years to take up new digs. Happily, not all the concrete west of the Mississippi can bury baseball's storied past, which was never more vivid than in old Sportsman's Park (Busch Stadium to latecomers), where memorable things always seemed to be happening. Take, for instance, Curt Welch's steal of home to make the Browns the champs in 1886. There he goes, in this composite illustration by Artist Jim Flora, flat out on his stomach followed by those noted thieves of later years. Pepper Martin and Enos Slaughter. Ernie Koob and Bob Groom pitched no-hitters on successive days for the Browns in 1917. The Gashouse Gang held impromptu songfests and, despite 100° weather, built an on-field bonfire (not to be confused with the great grandstand fire of 1898). Doc Weaver did in foes with triple whummies, and the Browns, who usually needed it, got questionable help by nibbling at "oatmeal in a barrel of water." Of the 102 errors in the 1885 World Series, 85 came in St. Louis. Dizzy Dean once was conked by a ball there. An outfielder and more than one umpire fell victims of pop bottles. Fights there often were. Del Pratt of the Browns slugged Zinn Beck of the Cards, and Clint Courtney wrestled Billy Martin. Umpires themselves got hot under the collar when two Phillies raised a CATFISH sign, reflecting on the odor of their calls. Ladies' Days first flourished in St. Louis, where Mary Ott, she of the horse laugh, was a regular. Fans came to see Sunny Jim Bonomley presented with a cow, midget Eddie Gae-del pop out of a cake and Satch Page sit in his rocker. While home runs were plentiful (Babe Ruth twice hit three in Series games), there was never a day quite like Stan Musial's in 1954, when he hit five in a doubleheader, sending the scoreboard eagle into wing-flapping paroxysms, a sure sign in late years that the blues had been banished from St. Louis.

SOME OLD PROS REFUSE TO DIE

...and, sparked by a fiery, versatile young pro, the Boston Celtics came back from their poorest season and near defeat in the early playoffs to beat Los Angeles and retain the world championship **by FRANK DEFORD**



Always on the spot to scoop up a loose ball, Haskins is called the "garbage collector." As a guard he signals a set play (right)

Three hundred and seventy-two professional basketball games and four years ago, the Boston Celtics dynasty was crumbling. The team had won four championships in a row, but had been forced to seven games to beat Los Angeles, and the players were old and worn out. Silberman was gone, Cousy was going, Ramsey and Lascutoff were looking for a graceful way to call it quits.

On a sunny summer day of that year Red Auerbach met his first draft choice of the season, John Havlicek of Ohio State, at Red's camp in Marshfield, Mass. Auerbach remembers it well. Havlicek ran up and down the court without taking a deep breath. He cut and jumped and shot among the other Celtics, and Auerbach watched with awe. "I remember I was stunned," Auerbach says. "All I could think of was, 'Ooh, have I got something here! Are they going to think I'm smart!'" Red Auerbach had never seen Havlicek play before.

It is 1966 now, and once again there were seven games with Los Angeles in the title round. But, as always, the Celtics won, and Red Auerbach left coaching with his eighth straight world championship. The man who succeeds him, William F. Russell—of the writing and rebounding Russells—has been the most important player through all of these championship years and, as such, must depend mostly on himself if the dynasty is to continue. Still, growing more and more significant to the Celtics' success with each season is 26-year-old John Havlicek (see cover), who has achieved a supporting role that no Celtic has risen to fill since Bob Cousy was at his peak.

From the time in the recent Cincinnati playoff series when Auerbach was down 2-1 and could no longer afford the luxury of keeping him as a sixth man, Havlicek has almost doubled his average for rebounds, and he led the Boston scoring in the series with the Lakers. And Auerbach has kept him on the floor, at both forward and guard, nearly as much as he has played Russell. In the seventh game last Thursday, Auerbach had Havlicek go the whole 48 minutes with Russell, as Boston held off a late Los Angeles rally to win 95-93.

In addition to those accomplishments that can be tallied, Havlicek, like Rus-

sellman



Here flying in to block layup by West, Russell dominated the L.A. attack throughout series.

sell, is one of those rare players who force rivals to alter their regular methods in deference to him. Havlicek is 6 feet 5½ and weighs 205 pounds, and he has unusual speed, strength and agility for a man that size. He is too fast for most forwards and too big for most guards to cope with. "No one in the league his size is even close to Havlicek in quickness," Los Angeles Coach Fred Schaus says. "He is entirely responsible for the trend to small, quick forwards."

Havlicek's speed in the corner forced Schaus to abandon his regular lineup, to bench 6-foot-7 All-Star forward Rudy La Russo for 6-foot-1 Earl Goodrich. Goodrich went to the backcourt with Jim King, while Jerry West (6 feet 3) moved to a corner to battle Havlicek. It became, essentially, a three-guard Los Angeles lineup, making the Lakers extremely vulnerable on the boards. But because of the Celtics' mobility, Schaus figured this was his only chance to win. Elgin Baylor, obliged to concentrate on rebounding, was battered and weakened, yet despite a couple of inept losses, Schaus refused to switch back to his regular lineup. What he did do was start bringing in his rebounding strength (namely La Russo) more often, and the Lakers began to recover. Though they lost the fourth game, too, to fall behind 3-1, they played well and then came back with two straight to tie the series. The little lineup—guerrilla warriors—could match the Boston speed and tire the Boston veterans, and then West would move back to guard and he and Baylor would let loose the big guns.

Suddenly it was Auerbach who was struggling. His bench had never been weaker, his starters never in worse shape. Russell had a broken bone in his foot that he kept quiet, Sanders had a secret chest injury, the five starters wore a total of eight leg bandages—including K. C. Jones's full-length wraparound. On top of all this, in mid-series, 32-year-old Sam Jones started playing up to his age.

Los Angeles does not, however, have a center to handle Russell—who does besides Philadelphia?—and depends too much on West and Baylor for scoring. In the seventh game, when these two turned up unbelievably cold (3 for 18 in the first half), Boston was able to take a big lead and stagger home with it. The final margin of only two points is misleading, however, for the Lakers cut it down from double figures only in the last

30 seconds, when the Boston police lost their annual playoff with the Boston fans.

Each time Auerbach lights his last victory cigar of the season the fans charge the court like Attila's Huns, and there are never enough of Boston's finest on hand. The mob practically kills Auerbach and the players. Russell got knocked down this year, and Sanders lost his shirt in the melee. The Celtics were lucky they did not lose the title. Trying to get the ball in bounds, the Celtics had to outmaneuver the crowd and then work their way upcourt on a surface sticky with spilled orange juice. The Lakers actually had three seconds in which they could have achieved a tie, but K. C. got the ball to Havlicek and the game ended that way, Havlicek bugging the ball and the fans tumbling all over the court.

It was a disgraceful episode, and Havlicek could not excuse it even in the first flush of victory. "Fans expect athletes to keep their poise, never to choke under pressure," he said. "Is it too much for athletes to expect fans to keep their poise, too?"

Havlicek is always, above all, an athlete, perhaps the best ever to come out of Ohio State—or all of Ohio, for that matter. He has been proficient in every sport he has tried, succeeding with grace and without apparent effort. Auerbach recalls: "We were sitting around a pool one day, and I asked him how far he could swim. He said he didn't know. I said, 'All right, a mile.' 'Sure.' 'O.K., two miles.' 'Sure.' 'Well then, how far?' 'I don't know,' he said. 'You know, I can swim just like I can walk.'"

The reply was honest and natural, not a reflection of cockiness. "It's not just his remarkable abilities, but his disposition," says Fred Taylor, who was Havlicek's coach at Ohio State. "I've never seen an athlete with a better temperament." Larry Siegfried, his teammate at OSU and on the Celtics, says he possesses "absolute security."

Havlicek still believes he could play pro football, and several Boston sportswriters are equally certain that he could pitch for the Red Sox. He was all-Ohio in high school in both football and baseball as well as basketball, and most famous as a quarterback on a small team: Big John and the Seven Dwarfs. "We did have a wrestling champion at fullback," Havlicek says, "but he was in the 120-pound class." Woody Hayes never gave up hope that Havlicek would play foot-

ball at Ohio State. The plan was to move Havlicek in at quarterback and shift Tom Matte to halfback. Havlicek, however, was determined to play basketball. He eventually was elected team captain, but always it was Jerry Lucas who got all the attention. Typically, Havlicek accepted the fact quietly, made himself the Big Ten's best defensive player and settled for most of his baskets by scrumming for loose balls, balls the opposition was trying to hold on to, and grabbing offensive rebounds. He still possesses an almost uncanny ability to be in the right spot for rebounds, but it is not altogether an instinctive response. "I can remember about that even back in high school," he says. "I started to shoot once against a very tall guy, and suddenly I knew I couldn't make the shot over him. So I just aimed for the backboard, rushed in, got the rebound and put it in. I took two shots to make one."

Such quickness of body and mind helped make Havlicek the superb substitute, the much-decorated best sixth man in pro basketball, even though he had come off the bench in only one game in college. He knew what Auerbach wanted. "My job was to come in there and get the team moving—play defense and move them." He has been a key man in the fast break, as Siegfried points out, since most breaks require three offensive



Red Auerbach is a complex man, inspiring a wide range of responses from people. He can be completely tactless, quarrelous, belligerent without apparent provocation. A moment later he will be the most gracious of companions. Possibly his finest quality is an intense loyalty to his associates, particularly the Boston players. Modesty is not his long suit. For nearly a decade

men. The two guards usually start the break, so the trick is to come up with the third man "to fill the lanes." Few cornermen can thunder out from underneath and catch up with their breaking teammates. Havlicek beats everybody downtown.

When he was drafted by the Cleveland Browns, despite the fact that he had not played football since high school, part of his tryout was a 40-yard dash. Havlicek was timed in 4.6, faster than anyone on the team except Bobby Mitchell. Paul Brown refused to believe it, and made him do it again. He did 4.6. It was about then they decided he could play end. "Also I honestly believe I can catch a pass as well as anyone," Havlicek says. Unfortunately, the Browns were stocked with pass-catchers who also had played football and who knew a few things like blocking and jittershugging and keying, so in the last cut Havlicek was let go instead of his roommate, Gary Collins.

Havlicek is one of sport's premier trenchermen. He actually puts on weight when he is most active—during the season—presumably because he devours more food. Siegfried, whose own bachelor apartment is next to Havlicek's, says, "The other night he told me he woke up at one o'clock—yeah, in the middle of the night—and he was hungry, so he got up and fixed a whole spaghetti dinner,

ate it and then went back to sleep. If you ask him to go out he will. If not, he's happy just to sit around. I don't know why—I have no reason—but I don't think he'll always be this way."

Havlicek is already vastly different from the small-town kid from eastern Ohio—he was born in Martins Ferry, lived in Lansing, went to Bridgeport High School, picked up his mail in Adena and hung around the family store in Dillkove, eating sticks of butter the way most kids eat candy bars. All those towns claim him now. The area was dependent on steel manufacturing and bituminous-coal mining, the people were Eastern Europeans—Poles, Croats (like his mother), Czechs (like his father, who came to the U.S. when he was 11). "Before the synthetic products came in, it was O.K.," Havlicek says, "but sometimes we had to carry people at the store. I guess my father is out there to five thousand from the hard times, and you never get that back. We always are, though. Everybody was the same. Nobody was rich, nobody was poor, so it never mattered what you were."

The first time it mattered in the world outside was when he went to the all-state basketball game and no one could pronounce his name (properly, it is Havlicheck). Another player, Mel Nowell, who subsequently joined him at Ohio

State, had just seen John Wayne in the movie *Hondo*. He said Havlicek looked like John Wayne "from the side," so "Hondo" it became. Few of his friends still call him that.

The next year Havlicek headed for Columbus with one suit. Luckily, his roommate Bobby Knight, now the young coach of Army—also had one suit and was the same size. Today, in the expert opinion of Russell, another stylish dresser, Havlicek is one of the Bean Brummels of the NBA. Havlicek designed his own golf shoes recently, and the company that made them was so impressed it may bring out a regular model in the same style.

During his first two years in college Havlicek had one blind date, and admits that "in my freshman year I guess I said about six words." The first thing he did was demand a tutor, and then spent most of his time studying and playing ball. He graduated with a respectable 2.9 average, is now a manufacturer's representative for a Columbus firm and spent much of the afternoon before the seventh game of the playoffs buying stocks from Frank Ramsey's broker. "Boy, he's come a long way," Bobby Knight says. "Every time I see him now he has a different suit on."

But every year Havlicek still wears the same old championship ring.

THE LAST CIGAR FOR RED AUERBACH

He was openly resentful about not being chosen the NBA's Coach of the Year, an honor he undoubtedly deserved many times but did not receive until last year. Some of his players, including Russell, never warmed to him sufficiently to call him a close friend, but none would deny his genius as a coach.

Of all the misconceptions about him, one of the really serious ones is that he is a hick guy who was "made" by Russell but that he was at least an expert in the drafting of players. The reverse is more nearly true: he has been terribly underrated as a coach, considerably overrated as a drafter of talent. The latter half of the legend is based almost entirely on his selection of Sam Jones from little-known North Carolina College and John

Havlicek out from under Jerry Lucas' shadow at Ohio State. In truth, Jones was not only drafted earlier by Minneapolis (when he was in the Army), he was all but forced on Auerbach by Red's old friend, Bones McKinnis. In Havlicek's year, Red really wanted Leroy Ellis, but L.A. took him first and Auerbach was left with Havlicek.

At the same time, Auerbach is correctly praised for his reclamation projects with assorted rejects, has-beens and other wandering basketball waifs (Gene Conley, Clyde Leland, Willie Saulls, Larry Siegfried, Don Nelson, etc.). This is an illuminating insight into his coaching success: he handles the professionals. Yes, Boston would not have been dominant without Russell, but it is false to suggest

that this diminishes Auerbach's achievement.

Waiting for his last victory cigar, killing time on an off day in California last week, Auerbach and Celtics President Jack Waldron dropped out to the L.A. Tennis Club, home of so many U.S. champions. Auerbach plays a lot of tennis himself. Perry Jones, the former U.S. Davis Cup captain, escorted Auerbach and Waldron about the club and finally into the trophy room, where \$100,000 worth of valuables are displayed.

Red stuffed about, properly impressed, when suddenly he spotted one particular trophy and moved quickly to it. It was an engraved silver tennis racket. "Now, that really shows the something," he said. Jones opened the case, took the racket

out and handed it to Auerbach. "The people of Newport gave it to William Larned when he won the nationals in 1911," Jones explained.

Auerbach fondled the racket, turning it over.

"It's the only one in the world," Jones said. "It's the only silver racket in the whole world."

Auerbach said, "Yeah?" And then, gingerly, he put the racket back and went on to examine the rest of the collection.

In Kentucky recently they gave Adolph Rupp a mink basketball. If the Celtics or the people in Boston are looking for a way to honor Red for his eight straight championships, they might keep in mind the only silver racket in the world. Presumably, there aren't any silver basketballs in the world, either.



PART 5: A Case of Conscience

Cassius Clay today is like a man under voluntary house arrest. As the world of reality slips quickly away, the constricting tentacles of the Black Muslima draw more tightly around him. Out of money, his only friends a colony of expensive parasites, Clay is uneasy with fame and listens to no counsel but his own

by JACK OLSEN

ALL ALONE WITH THE FUTURE

A white man who has known Cassius Clay for several years visited the world heavyweight champion at his Miami home and came away shaking his head dolefully. "I got there kinda late in the afternoon," the man said, "and it looked like a lawn party was going on. Clay was surrounded by little kids, eight or 10 of 'em, all Negroes, little children on his lap, little girls climbing all over him, and he was nuzzling them and kissing them—big sloppy kisses. And all around him were his yes-men—his brother Rudy leading the pack and laughing at everything he said. Cassius started a joke and Rudy broke up at the first line, and I asked him what he was laughing about, the joke had just started, Rudy said, 'Oh, I know this is gonna be so funny!' And Sam Saxon was there giving Cassius that 'Yes, suh, yes, suh.' And there were colored men from downtown telling him how he's the greatest fighter that ever lived and Clay agreeing for all he was worth. And it made you wonder just how much ap-

proval, how much attention does this boy need?

"It was like that movie, *The Great Man*, except that the movie didn't have all those references to that children's game called Black Muslims. Sitting around talking about how they won't eat pork, shrimp, how lobster's the swine of the sea. You go out there to his place and you see all that, and it's like being on a pirate ship with an insane captain and a broken compass. And then you realize all of a sudden, 'Holy Mother! That's where the heavyweight championship lives!'"

Whatever chance there might have been for Clay to return to the world of reality seems to be slipping quickly away. Every day Cassius pulls the constricting tentacles of the Nation of Islam more tightly around him, permitting and even encouraging the Muslims to get him up in the morning and put him to bed at night. He goes through life like a man under voluntary house arrest. The valuable financial advice of-

fered to him gratis by the businessmen of the Louisville Sponsoring Group is spurned. The excellent legal counseling offered by lawyers for the Group is rejected in favor of "personal" lawyers of the proper color. The list of Muslim camp followers, paid out of Clay's own pocket, grows longer and longer. The result is that Clay is dead broke.

Worst of all the current Clay tendencies is his reluctance to take instruction from his trainer, Angelo Dundee, perhaps the wisest head in the business. At the Chuvalo fight in Toronto, Dundee said Clay "listened a little," but a steady stream of technical advice was loudmouthed from his corner by Saxon, Clay's personal bodyguard, a man who knows as much about boxing as you do about the Holy Qur'an.

"The fact is, Clay has no trainer," says a veteran member of the entourage. "You don't feel you're a trainer unless you correct your man's mistakes, unless he does what you're telling him. Angelo says you don't have to tell Clay

continued

much. But Clay don't listen to nobody no more. He always was bad about that, but now he's impossible."

When the Louisville Sponsoring Group first took over Clay's contract in 1960, he was sent to San Diego to study under the master, Archie Moore, but in a few weeks Moore was on the telephone to a member of the Group. "I think I'm gonna have to ask you to take the boy home. My wife is crazy about him, my kids are crazy about him and I'm crazy about him, but he just won't do what I tell him to do. He thinks I'm trying to change his style, but all I'm trying to do is add to it."

The Group member told Archie that Clay needed a spanking.

"He sure does," Moore said. "but I don't know who's gonna give him one, including me."

A few years ago, one of Clay's sparring partners, a heavy hitter himself, tried to get Cassius to improve his defenses. "I said to him, 'Champ, pull your left hand in, it's out too far.' He looked at me and he said, 'I got my own style. Nobody tells me nothing.' Then I hit him with a beautiful left hook, and I told him, 'Listen, you know why I hit you? 'Cause I want to teach you a lesson to keep your hands up.' And then he tells me, 'You come on, do it again. Just keep boxing! Don't tell me how to box.' So I hit him with another beautiful left. I never will forget it. But it didn't teach him nothing!"

To be sure, Angelo Dundee was able to bring refinements to Clay's style, but the lessons were taught the hard way, by indirection and applied psychology, and it is doubtful that another trainer would have had the patience.

"He thinks he's done everything himself," Angelo says. "and that's fine with me, and if you look at it his way he's right. All I did was suggest. You can't handle him the way you do the usual fighter. You don't regiment him. He had enough of that. You just have to use indirection. He never used to have the left jab he has now. A daily nucking at his pride did it. He'll be the last guy in the world to admit that anybody did it but him, but that doesn't bother me. He didn't have a left uppercut. He's got one now. He was throwing a left jab, but it was a slap. It had no authority. He would keep his left knee up. Now you'll see when he throws a left jab his left knee is bent. Gives him leverage,

distance, he reaches you. But you have to show him things slowly. Up until a few fights ago he never hit a speed bag. It took me that long to teach him this was good for his reflexes, his rhythm."

"Angelo has been a miracle man with Clay," says another member of the Clay establishment, "but not even Angelo is gonna be able to save the championship for that kid. Angelo can't get him to raise his guard. He can't get the kid to cut out that show-off footwork that makes him look like a big Chuck Davey, makes him waste an awful lot of energy, that he's not always gonna have. He can't get the kid to cut out this foolin' around in the ring—tapping the other guy on the top of the head, leaning in with his head, stupid stuff like that. Angelo knows all this, but Angelo's the most loyal guy alive. He says, 'How can you argue with success? This kid became champion of the world.' And I say, 'Yeh, the kid became champ because he's got moves like a welterweight and a hell of a God-given talent and because there's nobody around to test him.' But what's gonna happen when he loses some of that edge? When he loses that extra tenth of a second that he has now? He'll stick out that big chin of his and some quick young kid on the make'll pop him one. He'll lose that championship way before he should, that's what'll happen, and the sad thing about it is, if he'd listen to Angelo and start fighting like a mature human being, he could be champion for 10 more years."

It is a simple axiom of boxing that the older a fighter gets, the less he relies on natural assets and the more he begins to lean on his trainer's advice, on finesse and conditioning and know-how instead of the raw skills of youth. Angelo Dundee's protestations notwithstanding, Clay is listening to him hardly at all, and taking no advice whatever from others who could help him. His personal physician, Dr. Ferdie Pacheco, who knows enough about boxing and conditioning to qualify as a trainer himself, recalls a talk with Clay before the Patterson fight.

"I was afraid he had some kind of plan, like keeping the fight going to punish Patterson, in his usual Crusades way of thinking. And so I said to him in the dressing room, 'All you owe the public is the best fight you can make, and if

that takes 60 seconds, that's what it takes. If it takes a minute and 60 seconds, that's what it takes. Go out and do the best you can and knock this guy out fast. Don't fool around with him, because he's still got a good hook and he's still capable of throwing it."

"And he just calmly looked at me and said, 'I don't have to listen to what you're telling me. God has already told me what to do.' About that time I started realizing that there were whistles going off someplace, and I said to myself, 'O K., don't interfere. He's hearing in on the outer world.'"

No one knows if Clay's financial advice is coming from the same place, but he has nothing but a few tacky rooming houses, two cars and a long list of debts to show for the purses he has earned. "I'm afraid he'll wind up broke," says his father, Cassius Sr. "There's too many leeches around my son. They'll break him quick."

Clay's attitude toward money, like his distrust of Caucasians, was force-fed into him by his father. He likes to stuff the cash into his wallet and get out of town. "I mostly save my money," he says. "I don't keep it in a bank. I have places where I just bury it." His approach toward all financial institutions is one of suspicion.

"In the early days, when his father used to attend our finance meetings," Louisville Group Member William Faversham recalls, "we'd go through a bloody session after every fight. What we were trying to do was get Cassius to pay his taxes and sign the check for his 15% pension fund and pay back what he owed us—he was always into us for a healthy amount, \$40,000, \$50,000, and he is right now—and this was a bloody, exhausting struggle, two or three hours after every fight, with Mr. Clay telling him that he couldn't get a square deal out of white men."

Cassius Jr.'s maturity about money matters may be evaluated by his handling of the purse from the first Luston fight in Miami Beach. "We got paid in installments," Faversham says, "and after one session I remember Cassius had \$40,000 coming to him. He went over to the Liberty Bank and asked 'em for 40 \$1,000 bills. The bank sent for their president, and, of course, they didn't have 40 \$1,000 bills. Who the hell does? I've never had a \$1,000 bill in my life or even seen one. So they had to send to the

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Federal Reserve for it, and he walked out of the bank with 40 \$1,000 bills. Then he tried to do the same thing a while back when he had \$27,000 coming to him. He went over to the First National Bank and asked for 27 \$1,000 bills. They didn't have 'em in the first place, and in the second place they didn't want to give him that much cash, because they were afraid he'd get knocked off. You can get a knife in your back whether you're the heavyweight champion or not."

Despite all his wallet-choking paydays, Clay is now on the outskirts of Tap City, except for an untouchable \$50,000 or so in a trust fund tenaciously protected by the Louisville Sponsoring Group for his declining years. At his divorce hearing Clay was asked where the money goes.

"Seventy per cent goes to the government first," he said. "Then I help support my mother and father, and I have a wife. I owe \$1,300 on her affairs. I paid some of that. I owe my lawyers." He looked around the room and pointed at lawyers. "I owe you. I owe him. I owe him. I owe everybody in this room."

How does a man who has earned a take-home pay approaching \$1 million manage to owe everybody? Said Gordon Davidson, one of the Sponsoring Group's lawyers, not long ago, "The money just goes, and not to nefarious things. Like his divorce. That wasn't cheap. And he pays his personal lawyers a high retainer, a substantial amount. I can account for where 75% of his money goes, and a lot of it is to lawyers. I can't tell you exactly where it goes, but you wouldn't be shocked at any of the expenditures." Insiders say that hardly any of Clay's money goes to the Muslim organization as a church donation.

The financial career of Cassius Clay seems to be a succession of missed opportunities and bad investments. While he was refusing to avail himself of the business acumen of his sponsors, eight of whom are millionaires, he was paying through the nose to buy his father a drinking spot in Louisville called The Olympic Club. Cassius Sr. alienated customers and succeeded in losing his son's investment in record time.

"I couldn't handle it," the father now rationalizes. "I was afraid of something happening. After all, people was getting drunk there, see, and somebody liable to

kill somebody, and I don't want that mark on me. Am I right? If somebody got killed, I'd be responsible, wouldn't I? Or I might be the first one that got killed."

Now the threat of military service or voluntary incarceration as a conscientious objector has thrown Clay's already tangled financial affairs into a hopeless mess—which explains his frantic searches for opponents, any opponents. Clay based his future financial plans on two or three fat purses a year. He was committed to paying his ex-wife \$15,000 a year for 10 years and another \$22,550 to her lawyers. The lawyers have been paid, but there are several suits on file against the champion. His take-home pay from the Chivalo fight (an estimated \$105,000 before taxes) relieved the pressure only slightly.

But as Clay's income dives, his expensive colony of parasites seems to grow ever larger. "That's an occupational hazard of being a fighter," says Ferdie Pacheco. "There are people who make a career out of hanging around boxers. They look for people like Cassius to come down the trail to zonk into. They did it to Sugar Ray Robinson. But the fighters want these hangers-on. They serve a function, an entourage of lackeys and flunkies for which the fighter is duly paying. Cassius has one just like the rest of 'em had one."

Cassius does not agree. "I don't have many people around me," he says. "Just the people I employ. As far as hangers-on, people who live wild party lives, flashy women, drinking wine and so on, I don't have that. My religious convictions keep me from all that, so I have all those people off of me."

His attitude seems to be that money spent on Muslims, on nondrinkers and nonsmokers, is money well-spent. Herbert Muhammad, son of the "Messenger of Allah" himself, gets \$300 a week as business manager, but what business he manages has never been entirely clear. When Angelo Dundee was asked to describe Herbert's duties at pretrial hearings in Clay's divorce action, he said, "Herbert's business manager, that's all I know." He was asked what Herbert did to earn \$1,300 while accompanying Clay on an exhibition tour in Europe. Angelo pondered and replied, "Herbert helped put on the gloves."

Personal Lawyer Edward Jacko Jr., also on the trip with Clay, earned \$1,000

continued



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CASSIUS CLAY

for his legal services. What legal services did he perform? Dundee did not have the answer to that question, but he did say that "he helped putting on the gloves for the sparring partners." One of the most interesting items on the list of expenditures was \$100 paid to Bordini Brown—for staying home.

At the Patterson fight, Clay carried his careless air about expenditures to an extreme and managed to waste thousands of dollars that he sorely needed later. A member of his inner circle gives a graphic description of the *Arabian Nights* scene in Las Vegas.

"First off, two Egyptian broads turned up. I don't mean Shimmers, I mean real Egyptians, and they were his guests. My wife saw them in the lobby of the hotel, and these two chicks were pegging the most expensive evening bags, \$150, \$200 each. They tagged them and put them on Clay's bill. Those sauntily good ladies. . . . And they were down getting their hair done every day on his bill, too. If you had been in Vegas you wouldn't have believed what was going on in that hotel. He had those Muslims planted all over the place, at his own expense. One of 'em was in Clay's suite 24 hours a day. Clay had his penthouse and the thugs at the door cracking it like it was Prohibition days, and *nobody* but colored people getting in. Clay was picking up off the tabs, and the amount of \$100 tickets that that man gave away to Black Muslims, to anybody who showed up from any part of the country and said he was a Muslim, it was fantastic! One of the brothers would show up, and Clay's funky Muslim would say to Cassius, 'Well, well, here's Brother So-and-so from Boston?' And Clay'd say, 'How do you do, Brother So-and-so. We'll make sure you get two \$100 seats.'

"Now, at the time of a fight a boxer's mind is usually on the fight. They walk as if they have a block of ice between them and the public. They're thinking about getting their heads knocked off. But not Cassius! He was walking around like an entrepreneur, walking around asking, 'Who else hasn't got tickets? Who needs tickets?' These two brothers right here, seat them up front!" And at the last minute, when the venue was on and Cassius still wasn't dressed, still lounging around in his robe, somebody says, 'There's 25 brothers outside from Los Angeles, they can't get in.'

"So the promoter says, 'It's a sellout.'

continued

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Later Clay told an outsider, "When the contract runs out in October, we'll probably work out something where we can sign again. We been getting along so good. I feel friendly toward the Group. We get along real nice. They've helped me when I needed loans. They started me off and everything, and by them being local businessmen nobody can rate me as a gangster or being with gangsters, like they do most fighters. But the money isn't fair the way it is now [60% to Cassius, 40% to the Group, with the Group paying all legitimate expenses]. It was all right at the beginning, but now it isn't so good. I got to train hard and run every morning. Can't nobody help me run, I gotta do that by myself. And I got to box by myself and train, and then I got to get in the ring by myself. So we'll just have to cut down their money a little bit."

Most likely, the Group will refuse to renew the contract under any conditions, and Clay will have lost his last financial contact with the all-white sponsors who were going to help him become "a clean and sparkling" champion. "Don't matter none," says Cassius. "'Cause I only plan to fight a year or so and then retire and be a minister of Islam. That's the best thing I could do anyway. And then one day I'll get married and raise a nice family. I got to get married, I'm preparing for it all the time. I don't even have a home, because I'm doing worse things with my money. I don't have nothing except two cars. But when I get married I'll have a home like nothing you ever seen before."

Clay skipped quickly over the matter of where he would raise the money for the place he plans, but he figures he could hold the cost down to \$75,000 by employing Muslim labor. "We got carpenters and plumbers and everything I'd need."

"My home'll be somewhere on the outskirts of Chicago," he says, "and it'll be one story high, with all glass on the front and one side, like these modern motels you see, Holiday Inns, all glass that you can see through and the rest solid granite stone for the other side and the back, with big picture windows cut in. And then I want a big, spacious living room, one of the largest you can find, and I want nothing but go-o-old tweed carpet, the best carpet made. I priced it, and it came to about \$8,000, hand-woven. When the average person walks

continued



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"And I'll have drapes, go-o-old silk linings, satin, shiny-colored drapes, and one of the living-room walls will be mirrored, with a big beautiful chandelier hanging down reflecting in it and a big beautiful living room set in French provincial. And one of these \$2,800 white TV sets with the big 27-inch screen. Then I will have a beautiful lo-o-ong U-shaped golden couch matching my rug, and then at the other end opposite to the mirrors I will have a big glass on the wall that you can see through like a windowpane, with a white background dug into the wall sorta like you're looking into a fish-bowl setting sideways where the wall is cut out and it's all white. And inside it'll have all colors, pink and turquoise, colored lights, lavender, blue, green, turquoise. And then when I cut the lights out in my room and hook my photograph up—this is a new thing they've got—as the music plays boom boom boom ba boom boom ba boom ba boom ba boom, the light changes color."

Herambled on and on about his house, and one was reminded of his father's basement rumple room with the revolving colored lights and the glassed pillars with orange bulbs inside: "I'm gonna have six little square block lights inset into the wall on both sides, and every light will be fixed so it can change color. So if I'm sitting in the dark and I push the turquoise color, the whole room is a purplish color. I touch a soft yellow and the whole room is a soft yellow."

He ticked off bedrooms in various motifs, 15 in all, including one in Japanese style with the bed on the floor, "one a Asiatic-equipped room with walls painted with the pyramids on them and the sphinx in that standard brown desert color and the stars and moons and camels in the desert," an American Indian bedroom with teepees, a western cowboy bedroom and a Colonial bedroom. And there will be an orange juice bar with the bartender standing in a hole, "and you'll have to reach down for your drink," and an extra kitchen for penies. "They'll be cooking 24 hours a day in there."

In his time of trial and adversity, Cassius keeps harking back to that house, as though the prospect of a go-o-old carpet in the future can calm him in the tempestuous present. "The whole living room will be 75 feet long, about half the

continued

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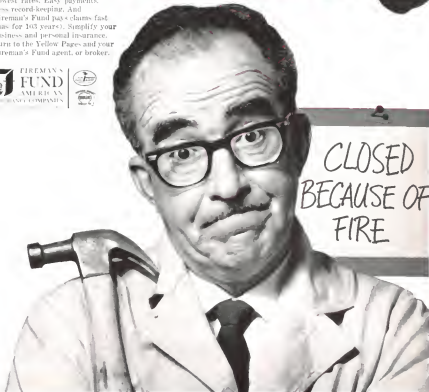


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size of the Fifth Street Gym." He sounds like his father discussing Clay Enterprises and Clay Kitchens and the assembly lines of his dreams. "And I'm an international figure," Cassius says, "and I'll always have somebody visiting me."

"Cassius is not a truly bad person," Dr. Pacheco says. "He's a misguided person, at worst. I remember when he first came here to Miami to train. He was pretty much unspooled. It was as if they'd taken a can and opened it up and out came this 18-year-old well-proportioned guy with his childish ideas of fame and fortune. He would tell me he was looking for the day when he'd have a great big home on top of a hill and three great big Cadillacs. And he was going along unconfusedly toward those goals till the Muslims got him. He was heading toward a *Calvin* in the *SKJ* type of world, plenty to eat, everything for his mother and father, a new house, a car for him, a car for his brother, a car for his aunt. Everybody's gonna get a car."

"Now, I can't honestly tell you what the prognosis is. He's got to live in the world of colored people, and most of them don't like him. It's an amazing thing, but they don't. For so long they've been saying, 'Don't make waves,' and here comes a guy splashing around in the pool. They're saying, 'Shut up already! Things are getting better. What are you gonna set us back for?' Cassius will just have to mature. It's not impossible. Some men mature late in life, and some men mature in adversity."

"And is he heading full-speed into adversity? For one thing, he's got to win every fight from now on either by a knockout or by a big margin. Remember, if any boxer can stand on his feet for 15 rounds against Clay in an American ring, why, the American public is so desirous of fanning this host that they just might lance him right out of the decision. They may give him the old ringer, boxing style. That's one of the adversities he faces: going into the Army as the ex-champion of the world."

Sometimes Cassius sounds as though he would not mind being the ex-champion of the world, as though the crown might be weighing heavily on him. Recently he was asked if he thought ev-fighters missed the ring. "If his life is based around showing off and if his life is based around being seen and seeing," Cassius said, inadvertently describing himself perfectly, "then I would say when

continued



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HOW BOXING EXPERTS RANK CLAY

The champion's future is shrouded in doubt by a possible draft call. And so, according to these close fight observers, is his place among the other 22 who have held the title

For his boxing ability alone Clay, at 24, has already won a spot among the greatest of the heavyweights. To those who know the sport best, only the elusive Gene Tunney is admired as much for his ring skill, and Nat Leubet, managing editor of *The Ring* magazine, says, "Clay would have stood a good chance of beating Tunney."

Most would be surer of Clay's position if they were convinced that he had a punch. Teddy Brenner, Madison Square Garden matchmaker, is one who has to be shown. "Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano," he says, "could pull out a fight in the 15th round. This Clay could never do. He is relying on his speed now, but how good a fighter will

he be after he loses that big advantage?"

Probably one of the best, says Nat Fleischer, founder of *The Ring*, although he does not yet rate Clay among the first 15. "He is young," Fleischer says. "Possibly he could become a great hunter if he took his work more seriously." Jimmy Jacobs, owner of the world's largest fight-film library and a Clay admirer, says he is a puncher now. "He has a knockout ratio equal to Marciano's, but he correctly relies on his elusiveness and seldom sets to punch. Still, with his tremendous strength, he is able to put power into his blows. I would rate Clay third to Louis and Marciano, but I believe he has not reached his attainable peak."

it is time for him to quit he would miss it. And if he has nothing else to fall on, if nothing bigger is in his mind, if this is all he can see, then it do hurt him to have to go to places and watch people not ask for autographs, watch the crowd roaring and shouting and jumping and looking for other fighters. Then that might hurt him, but I am a man who don't care. And when I am through I can say I have had my fun. I have seen the world. I have earned the most that I could earn, and I can't stay forever. I mean, I am a human. I have to go sometime. And I am so tired of publicity and things and people mobbing you and you have no freedom. You don't belong to yourself, you know? You don't own yourself. Everybody's watching you. I'm glad when the day come when I can walk around and not be nosed and all of this."

"Yeh," said Angelo Dundee, "that's what he says now, but he'll hate it when it's all over. He'll go batty. He loves to be in front of people. The ring and the gym, they're his stage. He's like a guy going to the Academy Award dinner, only he's receiving the Academy Award every day! This is the thrill he gets. He's happy when he's performing for people. He's not just like any ordinary fellow, you know. When he's gone there'll never be another one like him."

Cassius, drawing on his background of time and stars and "spooky-mindedness," is capable of taking a lyric view

of the future, of sounding like a slightly undereducated 20th-century Ecclesiastes. "Everything is based on time," he once said. "I mean, you take a mother when she's having a child. It takes nine months for the child to be born. That's time. It takes time. Will man go to the moon or not? We don't know. It takes time. You take the earth we're living off, for example. It takes time for the earth to rotate around the sun, and in that time a change takes place. Now, if we notice, in the wintertime things are dead. You're in the house. You don't want to go out, your mind changes. Time changes things. The trees. You look out the window. You don't see no life on the trees. They're dead. The snow is *that* deep. People are running. Your mind changes. We go through change just like the seasons."

"As soon as summertime comes, you put on your T shirt, you run out to see the birds, the flowers are blooming and your mind changes. . . . You're happy. You're walking your dog in the park. The grass is green, the flowers are blooming. But you wouldn't just go out and shoot yourself because the time of the seasons are at its dead stage, like right now. In a few more months it'll be nice and gay out there. So you wouldn't just say, 'Man, it's cold out there. I can't go nowhere, I can't walk my dog, there ain't no flowers,' and shoot yourself!" Cassius Marcellus Clay paused. "You want," he said. "It takes time, and then the flowers will bloom."

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EXUBERANT SPECTATORS IN THE VILLAGE OF COLLESANO CHEER FELLOW SICILIAN NINO VACCARELLA ON TO HIS 1965 VICTORY

NEARLY EVERYBODY LOVES THE TARGA FLORIO

by **LOGAN BENTLEY**

Triumphantly out of tune with the times, Sicily's antique race merke half a century of speed and 'glorie'



In the spring-green hills above Sicily's

Mediterranean shore there is a small white house known to the local populace as La Casa di Felelell. This is the Sicilian way of saying "Phil Hill's house," in remembrance of the day when the American racing driver—the world champion for 1961—catapulted off the road in his Ferrari, sailed 75 yards through the air and landed against the wall of the building. Hill's luck in being able to climb unhurt from the wreckage of his car was commensurate with the astonishing good fortune that has attended the race he was driving in—the oldest automobile race in the world and, to some, the best.

The Targa Florio, as the race is called, has survived fire, war, an earthquake, political chicanery, a man-made flood and—most surprising of all—the worldwide trend away from over-the-road races. Nearly all of the historic ones have ceased to be, due to the near impossibility of assuring the safety of spectators. Accidents involving spectators caused Italy to abandon its Mille Miglia—the most famous Italian sports event—after the 1957 running, Mexico canceled its Pan American road race after 1954.

Although the Targa Florio is potentially no less hazardous, not a single spectator has yet been lost and only one driver has been killed. The Sicilian defense is not to be found in favorable statistics, however, but in an abiding passion for the color and speed, for the noise and high excitement of the race. This Sunday brings the 50th running of the Targa Florio and *continued*

the annual outpouring of that passion as 70 racing sports cars, driven by an elite international corps of *pilotos* and a sprinkling of that disappearing species, the gentleman driver, commence what Stirling Moss of Britain calls "the greatest race left in the world." Starting near the town of Cefalù, these adventurers will speed up into the hills, climbing to nearly 2,000 feet at the route's highest point and down again on often primitive roads, narrow and twisting, which contain 1,300 curves. And then, if they can avoid such mishaps as that of Fecilelfi, they will retrace the terrible route nine times more, for a total distance of 430 miles.

The Sicilian passion will be evident all the sun-baked day as the island's people crowd close to the roads—some invariably in suicidal positions where

centrifugal force could pull a too vigorously cornering car into them. In most races if a bystander even touches a car it runs the risk of disqualification. Not so in the Targa Florio, where the rules are more *wigwaggy*. In one race a Roman businessman named Francesco Lessona, driving the Targa Florio with more *hilo* than skill, gunned his Ferrari LM down a tightly curving descent, only to skid at the bottom and find himself sideways across a small stone bridge. England's Clive Baker, driving a tiny Austin-Healey Sprite, barely squeezed past. A group of peasants materialized around Lessona in no time, lifted and turned his 1,800-pound car so that it was headed in the proper direction and shoved him on his way with cheerful cries of "Bu! Bu!"

One Calascibetta, a Sicilian driver, tells of the episode last year when his Abarth-Simca stopped beyond Collesano with a broken throttle cable. A family of spectators picnicking nearby offered him a salami sandwich and a bottle of wine. Calascibetta took a bite of salami, a swallow of wine and a string from the family's guitar. With the string he repaired the cable well enough to reach the pits, where a lasting fix was made, and he finished the race 10th overall and first in his class.

Then there was the time Maurizio Grana, Ferrari's dealer in Rome—and a demon driver—ran into a guardrail, crumpling one side of his LM. Helpful spectators pried open the deck lid of the rear-engined car and, seeing that the part of the dual fuel system located on the damaged side was broken, sealed it off and sent Grana on his way in less than five minutes. "The amazing thing," Grana explained later, "was that these people were from an isolated village and probably never before had seen such a complicated piece of machinery, yet patched it up without hesitation. I could not have done it myself."

Drivers find it extremely difficult to get as much Targa Florio practice as they would like. On the one official day of practice there is only time for about two laps each for the two drivers every car must have. Consequently, there is much enterprising unofficial practice and ordinary workaday traffic, which includes donkey carts, bicycles and occasional herds of sheep, goats and cows, as well as cars and trucks. After Britain's Graham Hill was driven around the

course for the first time he said, "Beautiful scenery. Now may I see the circuit, please?" Later he said, "I realized I wasn't being kidded when I saw my friends out practicing."

The question whether to practice unofficially with one's racing car or in a rented car depends largely on one's bankroll or the supply of spare cars on a factory team. A year ago Britain's Sir John Whitmore went practicing with the American Bob Bondurant in a new E-type Jaguar. After a week they had worn out three sets of tires, two sets of brake linings, the clutch and the differential.

Accepting or rejecting offers of rides around the circuit with racing drivers is a matter of individual preference. I have myself ridden over it in a Mustang, a Porsche, an Alfa Romeo and various Ferraris. After 10 minutes of sliding around curves with Nano Vaccarella, the 1965 winner, in a Ferrari, I became car sick. Half an hour's ride with Clementino Ravetto in his GTO was a lesson in the physical punishment that drivers must be able to absorb: the intense heat rising from the floorboards that sear your feet, vibrations that make your teeth chatter, the roaring engine that paralyzes your hearing, the jarring crunch of the gears and, after each gear change, the thrust of acceleration that slams you against the back of your seat.

Vaccarella says, "When I go fast I really sweat. I am sure that I am going to scrape those stone bridges—they are so narrow that it is like being on a hobbles run." Of the spectators, Britain's Andrew Hodges says, "They are everywhere—standing in the ditches, strolling across the road and jumping out of the way as you go past."

"I never dare take a blind curve flat out," says Timo Mäkinen of Finland, "because I never know what I might find around the other side. Once I saw a little boy run out and throw sand on the road to make people skid." This was a shockingly ill-considered thing to do, but it was scarcely necessary, the road is soon strewn with loose, skid-provoking gravel scattered by the cars themselves as they churn along.

The roads of the circuit are closed to traffic at midnight on the eve of the race, and families by the thousands arrive to pitch tents at good viewing points. Through the night there is a great deal of guitar strumming, singing and spaghetti cooking.



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Principals in the race are up at 4 a.m., and by 6 the pits are astir with drivers, mechanics and race officials rubbing sleep from their eyes and gulping strong Sicilian coffee. The Italian army sets up a communications network, and a helicopter stands by to pick up any injured driver and rush him to a hospital. The pits look efficient but somehow never attain IBM efficiency—continuing a breezy mode of service dating to the first race, when one car was refueled with water instead of gasoline. At 8 a.m. the Sicilian count who is the race director begins sending off the cars at 30-second intervals. The roads are much too narrow to start them en masse.

Join me, if you will, on a tour of the circuit. At the start-finish line are the pit area to our left and grandstands to the right. We are on the side of a hill, with the ground rising above the pits and falling away behind the grandstand to a valley and plain below, crossed by a railroad track. Thirty miles away purple mountains are visible, with traces of snow around their peaks.

The road ascends slightly and curves to the left, passing the pits, grandstands and timekeepers, and then steeply for 7½ kilometers to the town of Cerda. The road is bordered by artichoke fields rising on the left and dropping off to a valley on the right. Cerda is traversed by a long road made slippery by ground-in animal manure and lined on either side with sawhorses made of iron pipe to keep people from crossing.

The road continues upward and passes two Moorish-style churches. Though twisty, it is taken relatively fast for two kilometers to the Bivio (crossroad) Agrigento. Then comes a sharp U-turn to the left as you begin to cross the Madonie Mountains. Looking back, you can see past cornfields to Cerda, to the pits and as far as the Mediterranean. At the height of 407 meters the road begins the first long descent, notorious for many drivers going off into the scenery. The hills are covered with young green wheat, yellow broom and red flowers called herba medica. Near Kilometer 14 is the curve where La Casa di Feellèll got its name.

Toward the bottom of this first down-grade one can see a beautiful panorama of lush green fields, but in the distance the land becomes arid and the moun-

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TARGA FLORIO

tains consist partly of sheer rock face. Visible ahead are 10 miles of zigzagging road. Yellow, violet and blue flowers grow at roadside, and the meadows are carpeted with dark-pink flowers that the peasants cut and sell in the towns, transporting them on muleback.

At Kilometer 22 begins a new ascent, passing through a narrow valley with tall mountains on either side. Near Kilometer 25 a small stone marks the spot where Count Giulio Masetti was killed in 1926—incredibly, the only driver ever to lose his life during a Targa Florio. On race day this stretch is packed with people.

Bivio Caltavuturo at Kilometer 27 marks the highest point on the circuit, 600 meters. By now we are in very rugged country. There is still some grass, but the fields are dotted with huge boulders. The town of Caltavuturo, off to the right, is a string of houses pasted against the mountainside. The road now begins a second long descent, becoming narrower, and near Kilometer 29 there is a series of large sand piles on the right. The late Italian champion, Luigi Musso, named this the "Paralytic's Descent," after a boy who watched the race from his front porch sitting in a wheelchair. The road is bordered by linden trees blooming with small white flowers.

A narrow stone bridge at Kilometer 34 marks the end of the descent and the third and last major ascent. At Bivio Scillato the road is edged by olive trees and there are several villas. Kilometer 38 Bivio Peduzi, at 570 meters, a crossroads at the halfway point of the circuit where Porsche and Ferrari have crews for emergency pit stops. The terrain flattens out somewhat into a high tableland as the road enters "The Slatom," a slight descent with a continual sequence of curves—right, left, right, left—taken very fast. The country is bare and arid, rather mournful-looking, with little vegetation and many rocks. There are some lonely stretches with no spectators at all.

Near Kilometer 47 Collesano comes into view—nestled in a valley with bare mountains rising beyond. The town is full of tifosi—fans—and walls and buildings are plastered with signs saying "Viva Ferrari!" "Viva Porsche!" "Viva Vaccarella!" Even the plane trees at the

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side of the road leaving town are white-washed with such phrases.

Past Collesano the road begins its last long downhill run in a happier, greener landscape, with the blue sea beyond. The curves are sharp but not dangerous, and in this stretch Dan Gurney, Jean Behra and Musso all have spun out without serious damage.

Next comes the town of Compostello, and then acres of vineyards, on the main road to Palermo. After a fast left-hand bend we reach the Rettaleno (straight line) di Bonifornello, eight kilometers long. The cars are already in top gear and reaching their maximum speed when a large bump appears ahead. If not taken on the left-hand side the bump will cause the car to fly momentarily, and the driver will hit his head on the roof with a cracking thump. The road continues bumpy, and there are gusts of wind from the sea. In the distance, if it is clear, Monte Pellegrino looms up behind the city of Palermo.

A small *naturay* on the left shows that

the end of the fast straight is near, and we arrive at one of the most dangerous parts of the circuit—two fast curves taken at top speed. The road rises slightly through several wide curves and then descends, crosses the railroad track we viewed as the trip began and, bypassing Palermo, brings us back to the start-finish line.

Any Targa Florio takes some seven hours to complete—a long time but not overlong to the Sicilian spectators, for whom the day is a feast for the eyes and the other senses. The finish always contains suspense, for even if the leader is very far ahead there is still the possibility that the last few kilometers will see him off the road. If the leader is Sicilian—for example, Vaccarella just last year—village girls pelt him with roses, or try to, as he speeds past, and if he wins, as Vaccarella did, he weeps with unrestrained emotion at having realized a lifelong ambition.

Will the Targa Florio continue? Vincenzo Florio, the man who began it in

1906 (at that time he was a well-traveled rich boy of 23), died in 1959 employing his friends never to abandon the race, which he had "built to defy time." In his own lifetime he saw immortals of racing win—Nuvolari, Varzi, Villoresi—and triumphs by celebrated racing cars—Fiat, Peugeot, Mercedes, Bugatti, Alfa Romeo, Lancia, Maserati, Porsche, Ferrari. Florio coped with the earthquake of 1909 and an ugly fire in the grandstands in 1923. Forced to relinquish control of the race to Italy's Fascist government in 1933, he lived to regain it after World War II. He consented to have it run as a rally in 1937 after the Mille Miglia tragedy in which the Marquis de Portago and nine spectators were killed—and the Mille Miglia itself was brought to an end. But it was a race again the following year, and who is to say it will not survive as long as men race?

It was Vincenzo who said, "The driver who wins is an ace, he who places is a champion and he who finishes is a complete driver." He spoke truly. **END**



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"Just beautiful! A gorgeous shot!" said **Ray Milland** as he smacked a golf ball from a green brush mat into some dusty ains as curtains hanging a few feet away (below). It's possible that Californian Milland is beginning to break under the strain of being cooped up there past six months in Manhattan, where he is starring in Broadway's *Horrid Henry*. In any case, a favorite time killer is the fantasy golf he plays decked out like Gary Player on the five-yard fairway of the indoor Town House Golf Club. "With 75 balls I can play a whole game this way," Milland was saying as he swung a nine-iron. "Did you see that? Beautiful! Why can't I do that at home? Oops. Slight fade on that one."

All the other sports writers were "expecting" him to death. **William Randolph Hearst** once complained to Author **Adela Rogers St. Johns**, and with that he put his renowned sub stitute to work covering sports for the old International News Service—the first woman sent to the press box, as far as she knows. That was back in the '30s, but the experience left a good and lingering taste in Adela's mouth. "I just summer, for example, my son

begged me to take a vacation from writing my book *Tell No One*," she says. "I was working in New York, and he said go out on Long Island or up to Maine and get away from it all. But I knew how I wanted to spend my vacation. I hired a big black limousine and spent a week watching the Mets in Shea Stadium." Says Adela this year, puzzled. "How ever did the Mets make the sensational mistake of trading for Dick Stuart?"

For some, the National League's anti-fairness rule is merely silly (St. Johns 2). For the **Brothers Alon**, *Felipe of the Braves*, *Jesus of the Gulls* and *Mateo of the Pirates*, it is plainly outrageous. Says Felipe, dreading to think, "What would our mother say if I did not fraternize with my brothers?"

Considering her getup—ribber hip waders, waterproof jacket and rope of pearls—the lady casting a fly line upon New Zealand's Lake Wanaka was the complete odd angler. But while the natives had obligingly steered **Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother** to their choicest waters, the local trout were having none of it, and she eventually withdrew from the contest empty-handed.

Just supposing Hollywood took a liking to that new book of his

My Life In and Out of Baseball—whom did **Willie Mays** see playing the title role? Mays considered the question the other day and allowed that "the only man I can think of who is built like me is Sidney Potter. Furthermore, he's a great actor. 'But can he play center field?' That much, said Willie, "I'd be willing to do for him."

The setting for an unorthodox production of *As You Like It*, now in rehearsal at Minneapolis' Lyric Guthrie Theatre, is late-19th-century America, but the wrestling match between Orlando and Charles is up-to-date as next Saturday night. No wonder! The drama catch for the key

scene is Minnesota's television luminary **Vernor Gagne**, one of the half a dozen or so undisputed world-champion "weekend" Gagne, who has often proved the undoing of the likes of Dick the Bruiser and Mad Dog Vachon, drilled the Shakespearean wrestlers (below) on the fine points of gouging, hair pulling, upending and, left arm, forbearing. Said Director Edward Payson Call with admiration, "Mr. Gagne has more restraint in these matters than some theater people. We are honored to have him serve as consultant."

The royal weather bureau proclaimed a day of royal blue, everybody snapped a salute and Thailand's King **Bhumibol Adulyadej**, 38, took the tiller of his 12-foot dinghy and went skimming off across the Gulf of Siem. Despite a slight mid-morning storm, his intrepid majesty arrived on the other side some 50 miles and 16 hours later, which was a relief considering that the King had himself built the boat from scratch on the palace grounds in Bangkok. Queen Sirikit was so pleased, in fact, about his safe arrival that she threw a party, and Princeess Ubol Ratana, 45, dined a hula by way of celebration. But King

Bhumibol was already thinking ahead. He has ordered a kit from America and will commence, very shortly, to assemble a helicopter.

Who can touch **Diriah Shore** for unwavering effervescence? "I shot 106," she said in Houston the other day after a round of golf, "and I'm very pleased with my score. That's really not bad when you've three-patted every hole."

The day after holding talks with Soviet Foreign Minister Andrei Gromyko, **Pope Paul VI** received members of the International Olympic Committee who had convened in Rome to pick the sites of the 1972 Games. As it had reportedly been with **Georgios**, peace was very much on Paul's mind when he declared, "True sport knows no frontiers. Athletes learn to face each other in peaceful struggles, no longer in the fratricidal struggles of the battlefield." IOC President **Vernor Brandage** was quick to agree. Said he, only a trifle hyperbolically, "Olympic athletes do not possess material arms and do not know the meaning of violence. Their arms are understanding, brotherhood and respect of human dignity."





The winning way to Nassau is Wynne's way

Splashing up bow waves like white butterflies, most of the entries in the annual Miami-Nassau powerboat race faced rough going off the Bahamas, but the slickest driver of all beat the elements by outsmarting them

Followers of the wild, wet sport of ocean powerboat racing know Jim Wynne, the bearded Msamian, as a master hull designer, a superior marine engineer and a smart, brave driver (51, Aug. 2, 1965), but a lot of blue-water racers can claim those talents. What sets Jim apart from all the rest is his peerless skill as a navigator.

The way that Wynne drove a boat called *Ghost Rider* to victory in the much-postponed Miami-to-Nassau race last week left not the slightest doubt as to his right to be called the No. 1 powerboat racing man in the world. He set a lonely, daring course on the first

leg of the 184-mile trip, and thus built up a lead that was never really threatened thereafter.

When Wynne cut his throttles and eased into a slip at the Nassau Yacht Club a little less than four hours after the start, the second finisher was 10 minutes behind and the rest of the 58-boat fleet was scattered and well beaten—30 of the racers were lying disabled at sea with burned-out engines or hattered, leaking hulls.

The route Wynne steered so brilliantly starts off Government Cut near Miami Beach, and the first 55-mile leg takes the boats thumping across the turbulent

Gulf Stream. The first point at which race officials take note of the running order is the tiny island of Cat Cay in the Bahamas. The boats pull up to a dock where, as a customs formality, a piece of official paper wrapped around a rock is tossed to each craft's crewman. If the crewman drops it overboard the driver must come around so another rock can be tossed, for without the customs O.K., which is as vital as a passport, a boat will not be considered a finisher.

Next the racers speed 16 miles across the translucent water of the Great Bahama Bank, their clearly visible shadows chasing them along the bottom, to the

beacon called Sylvia Light. For the next 55 miles they are out of sight of land in water usually smooth but with variable currents that can penalize the helmsman who is not on his navigational toes. (Sherman Crise, the hard-boiled race promoter, provides an annotated chart of the course to each contestant. Here he remarks, "One entry was lost for two days in this area. Had rum . . . some food . . . and muse.")

The next guidepost is Northwest Light, and then the course follows a string of islands to Frazier's Hog Cay. After that the boats race into the treacherous deep known as the Tongue of the Ocean. Says Crise's map: "One bastardly piece of water." This is the final, 40-mile leg to Nassau—and the prospect of sweet release from the trip's hammering.

Red Crise brags of his race as the world's roughest, but even Crise likes to have a finisher or two, so he delayed last week's event for five long, frustrating days as the seas danced to skyscraper heights.

Came the day at last when the water was raceable and there was a foul-up at the start. Impatient for the race to go after the long wait, everybody took off five minutes early, and the starter let them go. Everybody, that is, but Wynne. He could not leave just then because he had not yet started one of his twin engines. By the time he had it fired up, the other racers were bunched together well off in the distance, all headed for Nassau. But headed, as Jim Wynne saw it, in the wrong direction. When at last he got both his engines going, Wynne set a course considerably south of the others, aimed to hit Cat Cay right on its sandy nose.

Wynne and his fellow designer, Walt Walters, are both masters at tuning a boat so that it runs its best and fastest in all kinds of weather. Only once in the partnership's long career has a Wynne-Walters boat failed to finish a race, and in this year's Griffith Memorial their turbine-driven entry was one of the only two boats to get to the end. But even more important than Wynne's skill at tuning and steering is his ability to chart a course.

In ocean powerboat racing, where boats are headed over rough seas at speeds up to 60 mph, a navigational error of very few degrees can be fatal. Wynne is a man who knows winds and currents and

has confidence in his knowledge. When he believes a certain heading is the right one, he follows it regardless of where other drivers may steer. Before the Nassau race got under way, he had worked out a navigating schedule for *Ghost Rider* that listed a compass course for every conceivable speed he might attain in every segment of the race. His meticulous thoroughness paid off handsomely. When he lit out across the Gulf Stream at 50 mph, he pointed *Ghost Rider's* bow exactly where his schedule told him to. At the end of the first leg he was in the happy position of being able to drive just fast enough to keep comfortably out in front, saving his engines from the strain of all-out catch-up racing, which became his competitors' lot.

This is not to say that Wynne had no more to do than a civilian out on a weekend cruise. A fair amount of rough water remained from the previous week's violent churning. Where less gifted drivers sailed alarmingly off the tops of waves or into them, Wynne, standing with one hand on the wheel and the other flicking the throttles, knifed cleanly ahead.

Of the Tongue of the Ocean crossing Wynne said, "It was real rough. We never once took a hard crash, though." Less fortunate was last year's winner and Wynne's most dangerous opponent, Don Aronow. Just before Frazier's Hog Cay, Aronow's Donzi-Magnum racer crunched down against a piece of driftwood which put a hole in the port side

of his red hull. Inspired driving brought Aronow into Nassau in second place, but the hull damage (and, possibly, a slower boat) had prevented him from making an all-or-nothing pass at Wynne.

Wynne's boat, which is owned by Sportsman Hugh Doyle, is wooden, with a deep V bottom, 28 feet from stern to transom and powered by Daytona gasoline engines. The hull design is Wynne's own and his latest refinement of a tried and true concept—differing from others like her in being narrower in beam and sharper in the V. *Ghost Rider* was built by Scuter of Cowes, England—and built strong, the way Wynne likes his hulls. She is the prototype of a line of fiber-glass boats to be sold to the public by Thunderbird Products of Miami.

Wynne's longtime partner, Walters, a sailor with the battered visage and wide dimensions of a football lineman, was once a notable ocean racer himself. Walters is married now, the father of two children and has largely backed off the throttle in actual racing. His place at Wynne's side during the Miami-Nassau race was filled by Ben Embree.

"Jim has two things going for him," said Walters as he and Wynne ordered tall planter's punches for a post-race cooling-out in Nassau. "One, he's an old pro. Two, he's a bachelor."

Bachelor Wynne merely grinned through the pepper-and-salt thicket around his lips. It is going to take a heap of matrimony to win Wynne away from the waves.

END



WINNERS WYNNE (LEFT) AND EMBREE LOOK AS HAPPY AS TWO SUNDAY DRIVERS

The bird watchers triumph

Selecting sites for 1972, the Olympic committee was as aloof as ever, but never underestimate the power of the last-minute politician

For all that ceremony and straight-backed dignity, International Olympic Committee meetings always seem to have overtones of the Brink's payroll robbery or *War and Peace*. Sober pronouncements that come from such sessions often leave more questions than answers, and the recent proceedings in Rome were wonderfully typical. The IOC answers are clear: Munich, Germany and Sapporo, Japan will be sites of the 1972 summer and winter games respectively. But there are those nagging questions: 1) Sapporo... uh, where? 2) What did poor old Detroit ever do to

deserve eight consecutive rejections? 3) Can the world still find happiness in the belief that the IOC is Olympian in its movements and aloof from human huckstering and maneuvering?

Not that the committee choices were bad ones. Olympic sites are chosen because the cities have both the facilities and the fervor for the Games. Munich and Sapporo certainly have fervor, and there are six years to fix the facilities.

The more noteworthy element in this year's IOC meet was that the whole thing had the air of a mystery in which a butler (or a burglar) is whodunit. In the

contest for the summer Games, Madrid was melodramatically in, out and in again. Detroit seemed a good bet, making a low-pressure bid on the theory that high-pressure tactics did not work four years ago. Montreal and Munich appeared to be even money. For the winter Games, Banff, Canada was the solid favorite. It had lost the bid by only one vote in the 1968 round, and it had made a handsome, thoughtful presentation this time. Salt Lake City, chosen to carry the United States colors, also was considered to be a strong contender. At that point, low-elevation Sapporo was a definite dark horse, and Lahti, Finland was assuredly out of it.

Munich was announced first. The Germans reportedly won on the second ballot with 31 votes. Madrid had drawn 15 and Montreal 14. Detroit apparently was dropped on the first round (the IOC never divulges vote breakdowns). And after accepting congratulations all around, Walter Trosger, secretary of West Germany's Olympic committee,



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said, "I don't know and can't understand why Detroit keeps on losing. I just can't imagine what is against them."

Nor could Detroit understand it after eight frustrating defeats. "We were very disappointed," said group chairman Fred Matthaei Jr. "We had hoped for some sentiment, at least, for our bid." Unofficially, the view of other delegates was that Detroit's driving promotion in the meeting four years ago—particularly some overt pressure by the White House—had put the IOC in a lasting snit. The IOC, it was said at that time, does not yield to pressures.

The Sapporo announcement was a stunner to international handicappers, who had figured both the snow and the mountains were too low. Sapporo won with 32 votes, apparently on the first ballot; Banff was runner-up with 16. What had happened? Surely the IOC was still loftily above external pressures. Yet the byplay was there for all to see.

First, three Canadian conservation groups warned that the Games, with at-

tendant crowds and confusion, would upset the bird and animal balance in Banff National Park. It was a masterpiece of timing. The IOC took no official notice. But one member growled privately, just before the vote, "We have enough to worry about without the bird watchers."

After the great Bird Watcher Caper, the Pacific Northwest Ski Areas Federation made its move. This group is made up of ski-area operators from 20 U.S. locations and eight in Canada. One of them is Banff. The operators, considered as safely American as home and mother, came out for Canada, "in the interest of international goodwill." The Salt Lakers did not need that sort of goodwill.

Somewhere in all this, IOC Chairman Avery Brundage spoke out. He brought up the bird-watcher incident and mused out loud that the committee was certainly impressed with the efficiency and economy of Tokyo's 1964 summer Games. He also pointed out that Sapporo would have gotten the 1940 winter Games (its bid had been approved for

that year) if war had not intervened.

These statements may have done it. Hans Macej of the Banff delegation called it sabotage. "Mr. Brundage brought up the protests of conservationists at the very right moment—right before the vote," he said.

And with that, the curtain came down on the oldest melodrama in sports.

Back in Japan, delegates took another look at 4,360-foot Mt. Enriwa, their projected site for the men's downhill. In its presentation, Sapporo had been expectably laudatory about the mountain, "Snow quality is fine," they said, but had not said much else about it.

Small wonder. The official Japanese travel guide lists Mt. Enriwa as an active volcano and says, "Small clouds of steam rise constantly from the crater of the mountain which occasionally erupts violently."

Consider that one, IOC. If Mt. Enriwa erupts in 1972, the world will see the fastest downhill race in Olympic history. **END**



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BOXING / Mark Kram

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Three miles from Grossinger's, that monument to conspicuous consumption, and in a setting that had all the economy and soft emptiness of an Andrew Welch painting, sat Candy MacFarlane—a quick, slick sparring partner—tapping out a bongos beat on a produce can. Pausing and pointing up to a room inside a farmhouse where Tiger was sleeping, Candy said: "He can move now, yeah. When he do move, you got to be out there. Way out, or..." Candy walloped the can with a right hand. Chickie Ferrara, Tiger's trainer, nodded and then said, smiling: "For what it's worth. A fighter must do two things. Be good to his mother and keep his tail off the floor. Who does them better than Tiger?"

What Ferrara appeared to be saying was what most of the preflight expertise eventually would decide: Dick Tiger, a dedicated (the mother bit) professional who had never been knocked down in 70 bouts, could not lose his middleweight title to welterweight Champion Emile Griffith. Griffith—though just as decent to his mother and 13 other relatives besides—was considerably lighter than the Nigerian, and reputedly less indestructible. Yet last week in Madison Square Garden, Tiger did the opposite of what was expected of him. He lost his title to Griffith in a soporific fight that produced only two good rounds, and in so doing gave Griffith a chance to contest the legality of a preposterous New York State Athletic Commission law that declares "one man, one title." Afterward, a dejected Tiger said in his dressing room, "I am a stranger in this country. Once more they steal my title."

Tiger was not alone in his indignation. The press, which ruled (17-5) for Tiger

in a poll prior to the official decision, relied on an old, unwritten boxing canon that the challenger must clearly take his title from the champion. This, obviously, Griffith did not do, but Tiger's defense was singularly spiritless. He looked devastating, but he was not, the savagery and intimidation of the old Tiger were not there. Unlike the Gardello fight, when he regained his title by using a sharp jab on the inside, Tiger did nothing positive, he merely reacted for 15 rounds, most of the time ineffectively, and did not "make" his light. He proved, this time conclusively, that he cannot adjust to a boxer and that he still had not learned to "move," as Candy MacFarlane thought he had.

If the fight, which drew 14,934 spectators who were looking forward to a classic evening, was simply a nonhigh, it did illustrate graphically that Griffith is not a limited fighter. When he cares, he can be very good. Three days before the fight Griffith turned to his cousin Bernard, who is also a handler, and said, "Bunsard, I am a racehorse." He was. But most of all, Griffith, who has used his strength to manhandle the welterweight division, showed against Tiger that he alone—the subterranean Griffith which he never expresses—is responsible for his failure to approach the kind of greatness that he flashed in the eighth and ninth rounds.

Despite the pleading caterwaul of his mother, whom he calls Chubby Checkers, and Cousin Bunsard at ringside, in the first seven rounds Griffith was doing as little as, if not less than, Tiger. He simply kept caroling to his left, minimizing the power of Tiger's deadly left hook. The hook did catch Griffith in the fourth round, but it did no damage.

Then, in the eighth round, Griffith began to enliven the bass drum beat of the fight set by the plodding Tiger. He opened the action with a hook to the head and followed quickly with a right to the jaw. Tiger, a trifle woozily, shook his head, then blinked his eyes as Emile scored another hard hook. Later Tiger caught a left-right combination and a solid right to the jaw. Tiger, it seemed, was dropping his guard and pulling his head away when Griffith threw his hook; the left side of his head was there.

Griffith continued the aggression in the ninth round. He began with a straight left, then pivoted back and chopped a right high on Tiger's left cheek. Tiger, for the first time in his career, dropped to one knee, although up immediately—and with his record still intact of never having had his posterior on the floor—he was visibly stunned. A left-right-left combination almost sent Tiger down a second time, but he recovered before his knee touched the canvas.

It appeared now that it was just a matter of time, but in the 10th round Griffith seemed to become lost in that private world of his. A prizefight (theorizes Griffith's trainer and Co-Manager Gil Clancy) is a test of wills, and Emile

had imposed his will on Tiger in the eighth and ninth rounds, but now, inexplicably, he was backing off and handing control of the fight back to Tiger.

Howie Albert, Griffith's other manager, suggested that Clancy slap Griffith in the face, as he had done in the first Benny Parei fight. "I rejected that, but I tried everything else," Clancy said later. "After the ninth I told him not to go wild but to keep up the pressure. I told him to throw not one hard punch, but combinations. Finally, in the 12th, I told Emile the fight was close, maybe even. I was screaming at him."

Griffith responded in the 13th, but by this time the 36-year-old Tiger was a whole man again and very much back in the fight. Tiger scored with a good hook in the 14th, and Griffith became cautious once again. The 15th was like most of the other rounds. Put a question mark by it.

The crowd response to Griffith's victory was not negative, but one doubts whether it would have been negative if Tiger had won. Said one spectator who had a large bet on Tiger: "I had Tiger winning 10-4-1, but I'm not upset. It was that kind of fight."

The same could not be said for Tiger, who, though hurt and bewildered, desperately clung to his poised, austere manner, even as a tear rolled down his cheek. "I am glad you were here to see this awful thing," Tiger said in his dressing room as Chickie Ferrara's trembling hand held an ice pack to his left cheekbone. "The winner should have the decision, but tonight the winner was the loser," he said slowly, smacking each word. "In Nigeria, where I come from, it takes two fighters to make a fight. But here in America I see that the man who runs wins the fight." One of his handlers interrupted, saying: "Yeah, the house fighter has the title now. But I guess that's not unexpected." He was referring to the opinion in boxing circles that Griffith is a Garden fighter.

"Still," continued Tiger, "when I go home the people will not stop calling me *onozzi* [champion]. The officials should give the privilege to the champion. He cannot lose the title, the challenger must come and take it away. But Griffith—he is a nice boy, and I am not angry at him—he ran. If I were to throw a lot of punches, then I would be hitting nothing but air. He did not want to fight. Yes, he hurt me, but I did not get

continued



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BOXING

hurt bad. My pride is the only hurt in me." Quietly, and in disbelief, he concluded his sad monologue. "They took my title away from me."

Later, when the room was nearly empty, Tiger, bending over one of his countrymen in a wheelchair, felt the real pain of his defeat.

"I love everything," the man said. "I have nothing."

"I tried my best," said Tiger. "I know, but I have nothing," said the man. "Give me something, my friend."

Tiger just shook his head sadly and turned to walk away.

"You must have something for me," said the man. Tiger turned to the man and made a motion as though he were cutting his wrist with a razor blade, indicating that the man could take his blood.

"No," said the man.

"Here," said Tiger, picking up his pale-blue boxing trunks. Then, hesitating, he said, "No, I promised these to my tailor." He then gave him his boxing gloves, and the man wheeled out of the room.

"He lost everything," said Tiger. "I have nothing, either." Spoken like a true landlord.

Tiger, to be certain, has considerably more than nothing. Though he often looks even less than pedestrian in his battered hat and long, fly-front coat, he is a sort of prosperous Roarian in Nigeria. There he owns a cosmetics shop, which his wife runs, and a 2,000-seat theater, and he has the respect that a leading real estate man and landlord would have in such a country. He is a penurious, unemotional man, who trained for the Griffith fight in an atmosphere that reflected his personality. He could never understand why Griffith, who is fond of flamboyant frapper and dancing, trained amid the gaudiness and action of the Concord Hotel. Doubtless he would find it even more difficult to understand why Griffith has nothing more to show for his eight years of punishment than 14 well-housed, well-fed relatives.

"How many relatives are there really?" Griffith's mother was asked in the dressing room.

"Let's see," she said, pausing to count them on her fingers. "Fifteen! Poppy has fifteen relatives."

"Why do you call him Poppy?"

"Because, next to me, he is the head of

the house, the house's poppy," she said.

At this point, Griffith, breaking away from reporters, jumped off the table and charged over to his mother and began stomping his feet and screaming. "This is my night, my night!" he yelled, and then he asked a friend to escort his mother out.

The night did belong to Griffith, but despite his words he was not certain of it. He knew he had once again failed to produce a sensational fight, failed to be the kind of Griffith boxing keeps expecting him to be but has not seen since he killed Parei in their third fight.

"I really wanted a sensational fight," said I mile. "I needed it to win the Hickok belt [the award for the best athlete of the year] and I want that beautiful belt so badly I kept thinking about it and all those beautiful, shining stones before my eyes. Then I thought, 'I don't want to kill that belt because I was careless,' so I boxed him."

"It made me sick," said Gil Clancy, talking of how I mile let Tiger get away. "He just would not believe what he saw. I have almost, but not quite, captured Emile's mind. When I am able to do this completely, then he will believe the obvious—he is a great fighter."

True, Griffith admitted, Tiger's reputation, the stories of his enervating punch and his strength, eventually had an effect, Griffith did not believe them, but more and more they intruded upon his thinking. Even after he knocked Tiger down, even after he proved that he was the stronger of the two on the inside, Griffith refused to believe in himself. "I just wasn't sure," said Griffith.

"Do you think you ran from Tiger?" he was asked.

"I run from no man, how you like that!" he said, angrily walking away from the circle of reporters.

"I mile Griffith," pondered Howie Albert, "will always be 16 years old."


"If Howie says that, that's right," said Griffith, when the crowd had faded. "I have done nothing but fight. I have never had time to grow up. Hey! Where's my mommy? Where's Bun-and?"

"You sent her out," someone said.

"Oh, that's right," he remembered.

Outside his exiled mother, wearing a pink hat and a pink flower as big as an apple on a black dress, stood along with Bun-and and 12 other beaming people—waiting for their Poppy, who has yet to blossom.

END



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TRACK / Gwilym S. Brown

A storm of bright promises

Wind, rain and the natural reluctance of established stars to challenge each other marred a big weekend, but a few expectations were fulfilled

In the ever-widening world of relay carnivals, last week was to be the one that was. It might have been, too, had the weather in Philadelphia and Des Moines and the runners in Walnut, Calif., been more cooperative. The earlier Texas and Kansas relays, to name only two of the proliferating 12-ring circuits that are making Barnums of most of this country's track coaches, had promised as much. But, like Barnum, many of the coaches were not able to fulfill the promises.

Take the scene at the Penn Relays. It was raining and a chill 47° on Franklin Field in Philadelphia, where no less than 6,000 pairs of spikes churned up the track until it looked more like a place to dig claws than set records. Practically the only man the mud did not handicap was a Villanova sophomore named Dave Patrick, and that may be because he is a lot better than even his coach, Jumbo Elliott, realizes. On Friday, Patrick chugged his way through a 4:04.6 mile to carry Villanova to victory in the distance medley relay, and the next day, spattered with mud, he hit the tape first as anchorman in the two-mile relay. For his weekend's work, Patrick was voted the meet's outstanding performer and Villanova picked up its 27th relay title in the last 16 years. Villanova was all promise before the meet, but now it is something more; its team is made up almost entirely of sophomores, and they are likely to get better and better, come rain or come shine.

The weather was no less brisk for the Drake Relays—a gusty, 15-mile-an-hour wind was the trouble there—but the track stayed fast and Southern University of Baton Rouge more than made up for a sluggish performance by Kansas Miler Jim Ryan and a disallowed, wind-aided 9.3 in the 100 by Charlie Greene. With senior Theron Lewis reeling off fast starts in three, Southern won four college relay titles—the sprint medley

(3:19.2), the two-mile (7:31.3), the one-mile (3:07.4) and the 800 (1:22.7). In these events Southern may have the fastest teams in the country, but the real test will come when it matches Baton passes in California later this month with Texas Southern, New Mexico and San Jose State.

What makes San Jose a challenge even in the fastest company is Tommy Smith, a slender, 6-foot 2-inch sprinter. Smith ran only twice at the Mt. San Antonio College Relays in Walnut, anchoring his school to a first and a second, but he looked so impressive doing both that he was voted the meet's outstanding runner. Smith has long, powerful legs and brings his knees up so high as he flies over the track that they appear to be out in front of his chin. Last year he tied the world record for the 200-meter dash—20.0—and this year in a dual meet with Stanford he ran the 440 in 45.7, making him the third fastest 440-yard runner in history.

"He may be the best sprinter I've ever had," says San Jose Coach Bud Winter, who produced 1960 Olympian Ray Norton. Last year Smith had trouble starting and running turns, but nothing bothers him now, though he expresses a preference for the 220. "The quarter takes a lot of stamina and the 100 is a little too short for me," he says, "but in the 220 I have time enough to build up speed and really blast out."

In the 880-yard relay, Smith demonstrated exactly what he meant. San Jose was trailing by a few yards when he grabbed the baton and then loped off slowly as if trying to give the other frantically digging runners a sporting chance. Suddenly Smith switched on a burst of speed that carried him to the tape in a clocking of 20 seconds flat for his leg.

At Walnut, too, New York's Tommy Farrell (58, Jan. 24) threw a blast of his own at a couple of California hotshots,

Dennis Carr of USC and Ted Nelson, the national indoor 1,000-yard champion, in the half mile. He hung back for most of the race, but moved up behind Nelson as the latter raced to the front going through the last turn. Nelson was not in front long. Farrell shot by him on the outside as they came out of the curve and kept right on rolling to win by six yards in 1:47.9, tying Carr for the fastest time in the world this year.

"I was really amazed," said Farrell after the race. "I figured on finishing about second or third when I came out here. It was only my second race outdoors. The first was a 48.8 quarter mile and I was working hard all the way."

If Farrell and Canada's Bill Crothers can get together this spring there is the distinct possibility that one of them can beat Peter Snell's world record of 1:45.1. But getting together is one of the problems of big-time track these days. It is far easier for a runner to run himself into shape than it is for him to find a race with his peers. Too often someone ducks out

at the last minute and a major confrontation falls through. That is what happened at Mt. SAC last week and took the edge off an otherwise interesting meet. A month ago Dyrrol Burleson, making a comeback of sorts, ran a 3:57.5 mile at a minor meet in Salem, Ore. At Mt. San Antonio he was looking forward to a fast race with former Oregon teammate Jim Grelle.

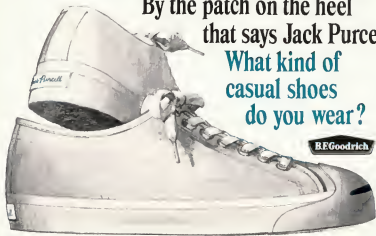
"What I do here may determine my plans for this season," said Burleson, who is studying for a master's degree at Oregon while working part time for the OEO's Upward Bound program. "My 3:57.5 was O.K., but a miler who can't do better than that these days might as well pick up and go home."

Well, Burleson is now a week older but no nearer to finding out what he can do. Half an hour before the mile was to begin Grelle announced that he was switching to the 5,000-meter run. Burle, unchallenged, followed a slow pace for three quarters and then sprinted ahead to win in 4:01.4. He was sur-

prisingly generous about Grelle's disappointing switch in plans. "Jim's got a good 5,000 in him," he said. "I think it's wonderful that he has the opportunity to try it."

If Grelle has only one good 5,000-meter run in his system, it is still there. His win over Olympic Steeplechaser George Young assuredly was not it. They dawdled along behind an easy early pace set by Ron Larrieu, then sprinted through the last 300 yards to a close decision that went to Grelle, though both were timed in a slow 14:10.8. Grelle has not made up his mind whether to stick with the long distances or go back to the mile, so Burleson is still looking for a fast race, hopefully soon and against Ryan of Kansas. The chief difficulty here is that though both Ryan and Burleson want a match race, each seems to be waiting for the other to name the time and the place. Unless some enterprising meet promoter sets up a three-way telephone hookup, this sort of thing could go on into winter. **END**

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Battling par at the table

Sixteen pairs of collegians are now meeting at Bradley University in Peoria, Ill. to decide the intercollegiate championship for 1966. They won their way into the finals from a field of more than 2,100 players representing 202 colleges and universities in the U.S. and Canada—an all-time high that bodes well for the growth of other tournaments as these youngsters mature.

The face-to-face finals are played on an entirely different basis from that used in the qualifying rounds. The hands the collegians played at home were par deals, stacked to illustrate some fine points of play, whereas the finals will be played duplicate style. The contestants were on notice that there was something tricky to watch out for on every deal. They hid the hands as they normally would and earned bidding par points for reaching proper contracts. No matter how they hid, however, before the play began they were told what the official bidding was and assigned a contract to play in. The opening lead was directed by the par setters, not selected at the table.

Actually, being alerted to look out for something tricky should not have any effect on what the players do. The fact is that any declarer who has reached a good contract, in any kind of bridge game, should be on the lookout for the best way to guard against possible disaster, and any defender must try to find the best avenue to defeat his opponents.

The players who topped the qualifying round were from tiny Bethany College in West Virginia. Roger O'Brien and a young, bearded Moslem from Teheran named Abdullah Hatch. When Abdul is at home with his family—one of the richest in Iran—he lives next door to the Shah. I first "met" this young man through the bridge column written for the *Wheeling (W. Va.) News-Register* by Blanche Neff, the human dynamo who has made herself personally responsible for the success of every bridge club in her area.

The Bethany pair did best of all the collegians against the par hands. To see the kind of problems they had to tackle,

cover the East-West cards and play the hand as South, the declarer.

Sometimes it is difficult to get the players to the desired contract and sometimes it is difficult to bid a hand like North's facing an opening two-bid. At any rate, you're in a good six-no-trump contract and it's up to you to make it. Having been given a free finesse in hearts, declarer has 13 tricks if the diamonds break. But in a par contest, you can be sure they won't. How do you solve the problem, which is that you need to cash all three club tricks in order to get rid of a heart loser and still be prepared to lose a trick in diamonds?

East-West
vulnerable
Fast dealer

NORTH
♠ 8 6 4 2
♥ 6 5 4 3
♦ A 3
♣ A 7 5

WEST
♠ Q 10
♥ J 10 9
♦ 10 9 6 2
♣ J 9 8 6

EAST
♠ J 9 7 5 3
♥ K 8 7
♦ J
♣ 10 4 3 2

SOUTH
♠ A K
♥ A Q 2
♦ K 4 8 7 3 4
♣ K Q

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
PASS	2 ♠	PASS	2 ♠
PASS	3 N E	PASS	4 N E
PASS	6 N E	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: jack of hearts

If you cash the club king and queen, go over to the diamond ace, then cash the club ace and discard the heart 2, you are pinning your faith on a diamond break or on the hope that the player with four diamonds doesn't have another club. But such good luck never occurs in a par game. The solution is to cash two top clubs, lead a low diamond and let an opponent win. No return can hurt you. You can get back to dummy with the diamond ace, cash the club ace, discard your heart loser and come back to your hand to run the rest of the diamonds, making six no trump.

END

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The position of the shoulders at address is one of the least involved but most important aspects of golf. Properly positioned, the shoulders can be the key to a very good swing. Improperly set, they start a chain reaction of wrong moves. For example, if your shoulders are level at address—parallel to the ground—then your hands have to start off well behind the ball. As a result, you may find that during the swing you are making some unnatural adjustment to get your hands forward and into the correct hitting position. However, if your shoulders are properly angled your hands almost have to get into their correct position during the swing.

To set your shoulders, first place your feet, then hold your club and stand up straight. Next, relax your shoulders slightly, and as you take your normal grip and place the club behind the ball notice how your right shoulder drops until it is somewhat lower than the left. This is the correct position. Do not exaggerate it by dropping the right shoulder more or forcing the left shoulder up.

The shoulders and arms should form a tilted triangle with the right shoulder well below the left as the backswing is about to begin.



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Andros Island lies in the Bahamas group, but it lives alone—untamed and untrampled by tourists. Teal teem in its uncharted bays, fish abound in the surrounding waters and boar roam its unexplored hills under the ever-watchful red eyes of local leprechauns

Journey to Chickcharney Country

BY JOHN UNDERWOOD

I have always found fishing to be a humbling business. Once in Key West, while delicately whipping back a spinning rod to cast, I hooked my favorite uncle in the nostril, and a doctor was required to remove the grapple. More recently, fishing with handlines off Spanish Wells on the northern tip of Eleuthera, I systematically raked the bottom clean of kelp, then fouled the outboard engine bringing in a yellowtail and finally snared my wife in the breech of her Bermuda shorts. These are only two of many embarrassing fishing experiences.

But the enthusiasm I take to sea transcends the treachery of the water's inhabitants. (I

share no one's passion for the fish, except for the gratification of eating them, which they would otherwise do themselves because they are natural cannibals.) I do not look to the sea for strength or solace. I enjoy it, that is all, and will jump at the chance to be around it and in it. If it is the Bahamas, that nearby Elysium of clear water and pink powdered-sugar beaches, I will jump all the quicker.

An unexpected chance came one evening last summer in Miami in the person of Mr. Billy Joe Curtis of Hangnail, Okla. Bill Curtis is a professional photographer, who six years ago yielded to the glamour of becoming a south Florida bonefish guide. *continued*

ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK WHILLINS

Curtis said he had a great idea for an expedition into the Bahamas. He outlined a week in waters around Andros and the Berry Islands, where record-size blue marlin practically leap into the boat from the Northwest Providence Channel; he told of flats so thick with bonefish that they shimmered silver in the sun; of skies afluster with teal and jacksnipe. He pictured lazy skin-diving and snorkeling excursions among the coral reefs, the tenement houses of the Great Bahama Bank. He said, to complete this, The Compleat Bahamas Safari, there could be trips ashore to hunt boar and poke around native villages.

Poking around native villages in the Bahamas is not, as recent slick-paper advertisements imply, poking around the lobby of the Holiday Inn at Freeport. Grand Bahama is geographically bound to the Bahamas but is really only a British concession to modern hedonism. It has gambling and high prices and unavoidable luxury, and someday it will sink into the Atlantic from the weight of American dollars.

The real Out Islands of the Bahamas were settled not by speculators but by loyalists fleeing the American Revolution, and if they had it to do over again they would. Good times—good fishing and good prices for the fish—have brought electricity and automobiles and outboard engines and even television (picked up from Miami by extra-elongated antennas) grinding down on these otherwise unspoiled enclaves. To prove, alas, that even these lovely people are not insensitive to such stimuli, you can, on a clear night in a place like Spanish Wells, hear pouring out from the wireless sets what my wife calls American white-knuckle music, or low-fi. This is music that, by the sound of it, requires the musicians to keep an extremely tight grip on their instruments.

To a man naturally intrigued by the Bahamas, however, the island of Andros is another cup of titillation. It is called Unknown Island by the authors of a definitive book on Nassau and the Bahama Out Islands, *Sue 'n' Sixpence*, and though that may be stretching a romanticism, it at least gives an inkling of the place. Andros is easily the largest of the

Bahama chain—it is 100 miles long, 40 miles wide at the widest point. Many of its creeks, lakes and headlands are uncharted and, according to the book, its coastline was plotted inaccurately as late as 1963. The skimpy population—7,500 plus—is spread out in villages and settlements, mostly on the east coast. The west coast, which confronts the many square miles of shallow water (3 to 12 feet deep) known as The Mud, and the mysterious interior are left pretty much to the imagination. A band of Cuban exiles, having made their way across the interior from the west coast to Fresh Creek in 1962, told of seeing "the fires of

unknown settlements" and of "innumerable deer and rookeries of flamingos" no one knew existed.

Many of Andros' settlements are entirely populated by Negroes, descendants of slaves freed by the British and left to devise a curious coalescence of faiths: evangelical Baptist, for example, with African Obeah. Curtis said that at Lowe Sound, one of these settlements at the north end, we could get native guides to take us to the backwaters, where there are thousands of ducks, and to the hills, where the wild boar play. Presumably these boar are the offspring of pigs set loose centuries ago by the conquista-



dores which have thrived in the bush and grown into huge herds of fiercely tusked animals with the long legs and quick movements of dogs. If they did not get you first, Curtis said, you could shoot as many as you pleased and roast them right there on the beach. There was a limit on duck, he said—50 to the man.

Curtis said he could not promise anything, but we might even see a chick-charney. The chickcharney (a more respectful double capitalization is often used: Chick Charney) is a leprechaun said to be indigenous to Andros. Not all Androsians believe in chickcharneys, and there are variations in eyewitness

accounts of what they look like but, generally speaking, they are tree spirits, somewhat like frigate birds, feathered and fearfully red-eyed. They hang from cottonwood branches by their three toes, or three fingers, and it is not always easy to tell when they are right side up. The chickcharneys were blamed for the failure of Neville Chamberlain's sisal plantation at Mastic Point in 1897, and it was hardly a surprise to those who knew of it to learn of Chamberlain's eventual disaster at Munich.

In time I was to meet a modern disciple of the chickcharney, our intrepid Negro guide from Lowe Sound, the

redoubtable Ronald (Rudy) Knowles. Rudy's father, Granville Knowles, is a onetime preacher who does not believe in chickcharneys, but Rudy does not think his father knows all there is to know. From personal observations made at a respectful distance, Rudy Knowles adds these dimensions to the sylph: "It have a black ring around its neck, and it look like a dove. It makes nests you can see in the trees. I don't say nothing against them."

It took us some months to gather a compatible group and to map out an itinerary flexible enough for the caprices of January weather. The Bahamas' temperature range (63° to 88°) and prevailing winds (east and southeast trade winds) make for year-round mildness, but from November through April the islands are subject to what Bahamians call northers, chilling winds of 20 to 35 knots out of the north. A determination to get everything in might not be enough, for we had only a week, and two days of that were to be spent going and coming.

There were eight of us altogether, including Billy Joe Curtis (the idea man) and the two-man crew of the 48-foot, twin-engine charter boat *Queen B*. The *Queen B* is a broad-beamed, well-turned-out vessel that charters out of Key Biscayne; it was completed last October for \$100,000 by its blond, crew-cut captain, Jim O'Neill, and outfitted with four trolling chairs and rod sockets on the bridge for two more lines. O'Neill is a conscientious young fisherman with an agreeable manner and a reputation for excellence as a sports-fishing guide, though he is only 31. His mate, 21-year-old J. C. Dobson, is a college dropout who figures to learn enough under O'Neill to qualify for a boat of his own some day.

O'Neill believes strongly in big-game fishing—blue marlin, sailfish, dolphin—and does not bother his head with the lesser quarry of shallow water. His antithesis, therefore, is Curtis, the light-tackle specialist—a one-eyed man with a russet complexion and skin the texture of a hatch cover. Curtis' sharply-angled nose and rakish overseer's straw hat give him a damn-the-torpedoes look when he is in action on the flats. He usually

continued

When the creek got too shallow Rudy cut the engine and poled the boat.



Chickcharney

fishes around Miami and the Florida Keys, but he is now broadening out to learn what he can about the Bahamas.

We were ready to go at 7 on a Saturday morning in mid-January. The wind was up and the weather cool but not uncomfortable. O'Neill took the *Queen B* out Bear Cut south of Miami and into the wind toward Cat Cay, Curtis' Boston Whaler rode the wake from a towline. There were no secrets among us. One had never caught a bonefish. None had ever caught a marlin. Frank Mullins, a redhaired artist with a sensitive stomach, had never caught a fish of any kind.

The crossing to the British customs station at Cat Cay is 48 miles and takes roughly three and a half hours. We watched the Miami Beach hotels dissolve into the tangerine sky until they acquired the white, uneven silhouette of headstones. A tireless solitary gull beat its wings in our wake for what seemed an interminably long while, watching for garbage or something our prop might chew up and leave him, but then he turned off to follow the fat, plug-along freighters that pass in the Gulf Stream. They are surer providers.

At Cat Cay there was time, while O'Neill checked us in, for Frank to eat his third orange (he had brought two huge bags of apples and oranges to keep him healthy for the week) and for me to run out on the dock with my spinning rod to make a few unsuccessful casts alongside three natives who were fishing successfully for bonefish with handlines. They wanted to know if I thought I would catch anything with that little yellow spring of hair caught on the tip of my line. I was advised to try crab meat.

From Cat Cay we went another 63 miles almost due east across the Great Bahama Bank to Chub Cay on the southernmost tip of the Berry's. Where before we had been in water more than a mile deep, on this huge shelf of sand and coral it was less than 15 feet, and the bottom rode with you all the way. The first day, predictably, had been consumed in preparation and travel, and at dusk we put into the American-owned Crown Colony Club. The mooring at Chub Cay is sheltered and the facilities are excellent, but long stays are not

encouraged or recommended. (Captain O'Neill once got a towel laundered there for a dollar, his last—forevermore—laundry bill came to \$48.)

The strategy was to divide up the party each day to make full use of our time. Two or three would stay on the big boat and troll for big fish. Curtis would take the others on the Whaler onto the flats and shallows for bonefish, tarpon and permit, or on a hunt for duck or wild boar. O'Neill's trolling area, one he knew, is a natural fish trap, where the deep waters—as deep as 1,000 fathoms—of what is called the Tongue of the Ocean jut up into the Great Bahama Bank between the Berry's and Andros. It is a natural 15-mile triangle beginning at Mamma Rhoda Cay at the tip of the Berry's, out to Northwest Channel Light, then down along the Joulers Cays (north of Andros) and back to Chub Cay.

Five minutes out of Chub Cay that first morning I had an 18-pound wahoo on the line, and, simultaneously, another in the party had a large barracuda. Before the day was over I also derricked up close enough for J. C. Dohson's gaff a 15-pound dolphin that, with the wahoo, would make our supper. The dolphin is a great fighter, it can stiffen your arms with its resistance and fascinate you with its brilliantly changing colors: first yellow and green, then aqua, chartreuse, azure, verdigris and, when it is dying in the well of the boat, streaks of brown. But it is even greater food, like breast of chicken.

The action thereafter was sporadic and the time taken up lazing on the bunk seats on the bridge, watching the bait skip along behind or listening to Coast Guard reports for possible intrigue. An 18-foot runabout was two days overdue at Nassau, an American sea captain could not spell the name of a Russian vessel he had spotted. The long periods spent hunched over the trolling reel as if it were a telephone about to ring seemed diminished just by being in the Bahamas, but appetites were on the increase. Frank made regular trips to his fruit sacks, which, he said in a desperate voice, would be empty before morning.

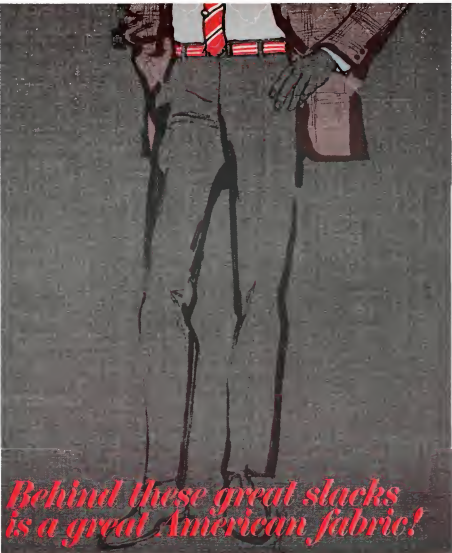
We had fared reasonably well on the

continued



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big boat, but those out all day with Curtis in the Whaler came back unwarded. The closest they had come to fish was when they pulled up their chairs to hoist bowls of conch chowder at Frazer's Hog Cay. They were also soaked to their adventurous skins and unnerved by the pummeling they had taken, as Curtis, valiant in effort, had plowed from island to island, flat to flat, in the pursuit of the elusive bonefish. He said he thought he had spotted a few mounds where fish were feeding and almost fell out of the boat trying to get to them, but the water was too rough to be certain.

The next morning we trolled half the triangle to the Joulters, chasing for a mile or so a huge whale that had sounded in our path and was frolicking just ahead of us. When we were near enough to the reefs Frank and I left the *Queen B* to try the flats with Curtis. The wind was shifting around to the north—not a good sign. Bill was not as confident as before. He talked of past triumphs, of victories in bonefish tournaments in Florida. In his haste to get us to the flats he misread the clarity of the water and twice ran full speed onto sandbars—shlumph!—sending Frank and me sprawling into the bow.

The wind, now stronger, dipped into our collars, chilling us as the afternoon wore on unproductively. A norther was coming up for sure. Bill was glum, but he diligently poled us over the abandoned flats. All was silence, except for the swish-swishing of his hands on the long pole. The tide was going out. Suddenly there was before us a small school of bonefish, but they spooked at my clumsy cast and were gone in an instant. There were no other sightings. We got out and walked along the stark-white sand off one of the cays, for no reason except to walk. (I will always have this picture of Bill Curtis, punts legs up to his knees, that plantation overseer's hat tilted dangerously to one side, his large, callused hands digging into the sand for crabs.)

At dusk we rejoined the *Queen B* at anchor off Morgan's Bluff on the northern coast of Andros, 37 miles east of Nassau. It was this shelter that the pirate Henry Morgan was supposed to have

used to count his caches, but we were enjoying no such pleasures. What was wrong? Frank suggested that we line up and count toes, and the person with three on each foot should be thrown overboard. Exhausted from the pounding of the Whaler, I fell into an uncomfortable sleep and dreamed of gripping the trolling rod and reeling so hard that I was actually pulling the boat toward the fish. Jimmy O'Neill was at my side, Bill Curtis' overseer's hat pulled down over his ears, shouting encouragement—"It's a big one! A record marlin!"—until he dissolved and I was found to be hooked to the Dade County courthouse, and we were aground on Flagler Street in downtown Miami. It was an unmanageable dream, one I might have missed had I known that tomorrow we would at last have Rudy Knowles on our side.

Curtis had made the arrangements. Granville Knowles (whom Curtis had known from a previous trip to Andros) or his son Rudy would take us to the west side—the unknown side—of Andros for duck and, if time allowed, wild boar. In the morning four of us made the 20-minute run around Money Point to Lowe Sound. The good times that have come to most of the Bahamas have not come to Lowe Sound, but a hurricane did come last fall and there are still evidences of its lingering fury: busted frame houses, irreparable boats flipped up on the shore, uprooted sea-grape and coconut trees.

Granville met us at the dock, which was coming apart, and there were others smiling their greetings, including a very large, laughing woman Granville identified as his wife. "A big woman the best kind," he said. "They do much work." Granville is a buoyant gray-haired man of modest dimensions, a barefoot pillar of the community second only to the mayor—who also has fishing boats and sells lumber—in the social order. Granville took us up to his shop, a single-room shed, which had a faded sign, "C. Knowles and Son, 1912," hanging over the door. "My father have the guide business," he said, "and his father before him."

The son, Rudy, came out of the shed's darkness. He was a head and a half taller

than his father and, though he was skinny everywhere else, his shoulders were astonishingly broad. He was wearing a brownish-green, two-piece rubber foul-weather suit and no shoes, and seemed at first to be aloof to our presence. Then someone said something that made him laugh, and he revealed a large expanse of gum between his front teeth. His laugh was high like a schoolboy's, spontaneous and relaxed.

It was agreed that we would take two boats—Rudy also had a Whaler, and Frank and I would ride with him. Frank suggested we first make a pilgrimage to the local grocery store for fruit. The grocery was also a single room, 10 by 10 or so, unlighted except through the open door, with a huge picture of John F. Kennedy on one wall and an advertisement for Colt 45 beer. The ad included a picture of Gomez Brennan, the welter-weight boxer from Bimini. Gomez, by inference, trains on beer. The nearest thing to oranges and apples Frank could acquire, however, was 10 Coca-Colas and a jar of strawberry jam.

We joined Rudy in the boat, and I asked him if he were Granville's favorite son. He said he was the oldest son, age 31, and was unmarried. "I do not care to be married," he said.

"That's too bad, because you will miss the joys of having children," I said solicitously.

"Oh, I have seven children," he said. "They live here with me in my new house. I have three women. Two women here, one in Nassau. The one I have now—she not a woman, she just a girl of 25—she have four of my children. She big with child again."

It was two and a half hours before we reached the creek Rudy had chosen, far down on the west side of Andros opposite The Mud. On maps this inlet is called Blue Creek and appears to peter out after a mile or so. Its narrow entrance, scarcely three yards wide, is marked by tree limbs stuck in the banks. Rudy turned on practically at full throttle—brushing close to the coral shelves that serve as a natural trough—and led the way into the interior of Andros. Abruptly the creek became shallow, and Rudy cut the engine and began to pole the boat. He

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Chickcharney continued

did it effortlessly, with a regularity of stroke that accounted for the size of his shoulders. Then the creek opened into a small lake, then a larger one, and they seemed to go on endlessly, though no hydrographic survey I have seen indicates this. I asked Rudy if the wild bear were up here, too.

"Yes, but much further that way," he said, gesturing.

Had he ever seen them?

"Yes, many of them. They big, big. Two, three hundred pound, some of them. My daddy had a farm up there and had to put the fence up to keep them out. They very strong and fast, and they eat you if they get hold of you. It take a good shot to burn a hole through them."

How did they get here?

"Oh, they broke away from ranches at Lowe Sound and other settlements many years ago. Then they go to pigging and pigging until they get to be hundreds and thousands, hundreds and thousands." He said we would not have time to go up where they were today because the return trip to Lowe Sound would take longer and be much rougher into the wind. "I don't like to hunt the wild pigs," he said. "I rather my daddy go."

Suddenly he cut the engine and, taking up the oar, began to pole again, though the water was deeper.

"They up there, the ducks," Rudy said calmly, pointing far ahead to an island of mangroves. "They on the water. They swimming the other way. We need to put the decoys out up there by the big mangrove, and they'll come right to them."

"Decoys? Oh, the decoys," said Bill Curtis in the other Whaler. "I left them on the big boat."

Rudy was amazed. No, not amazed. Chagrined. How could we be so naive as to forget the bait? "It's the worstest thing you could have done," he said, "the worstest thing."

"From a conservationist's point of view it is not so bad," said Frank. "This is becoming a very successful trip from a conservationist's point of view."

Rudy grumbled about the decoys for a while, but he was the only one who could see the ducks in the water anyway, so it did not seem to matter. He kept poling. Then, slowly, little black dots be-

gan to materialize on the water ahead—a great black cluster of teal bobbing along on the water. When they finally became aware of us and took flight we got one shot apiece, and a single duck fell. Barefoot, Rudy clambered among the mangroves to fetch it. There were two larger birds in the trees that looked like brown cranes, and Rudy yelled for us to shoot them, too, and when he saw a white heron standing motionless in the mangroves he wanted us to shoot that, too. Frank, rebelling, said no compassionate man could do such a thing. What on earth was in Rudy's mind?

"To eat it," Rudy said. "They very good eating." He laughed. "But that's all right. If you don't shoot it I come back later and shoot it myself."

"You eat everything that flies, eh, Rudy?" Frank asked.

"The best is the fillymings. They up further."

"Fillymings? You eat flamingos? In the States you shoot one of them and you'd get fined a hundred bucks."

Rudy laughed again. "Oh, yes, yes, you get fined here, too. But they the best to eat. The sweetest meat."

Soon the sky was alive with swarms of teal and, despite having no decoys, we were able to get close enough to kill five more. Before they were down Rudy was out of the boat, splashing in mud and through mangroves, like a great, joyful Labrador retriever. I suspect that the soles of his feet are water-repellent and heat-resistant. He invariably went straight to the stricken birds, and with a violent whirling twist wrung their necks.

"It would be easier if we had the decoys," he said.

During the hours we spent in this duck hunter's paradise we heard no other shots and saw no signs of other hunters. The only other people we saw were farmers in small native sailboats heading up to where Rudy said his father used to farm.

We had come 38 miles from Lowe Sound to Rudy's creek and it was an easy run, but the trip back, plugging into the wind, was as rough as Rudy had predicted. When the pounding became excessive Frank grabbed the bowline and stood spread-eagle in Bill's Whaler, riding it as if it were a chariot. I followed

continued

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Chickcharney *continued*

sult. The reward was a drenching from waves soaring over the bow, but in standing up we transferred the strain from our kidneys to our legs, making the ride more fun and infinitely more endurable. Until Bill's Whaler ran out of gas.

We were still on the west side of Andros with a long way to go. It would be dark soon. The sun was an apriest so near to dipping into the sea that you could stare right into it. Rudy checked and found that he, too, was low on gas. He said with extra weight he could not make it more than a mile down the east side. Nevertheless, he insisted everyone transfer to his boat and had Bill anchor the other.

"What will we do when you run out of gas?" Bill asked.

"I pole us in," said Rudy, simple as that.

And he did, too, with some help from us he did not really need. We could barely see the lights at Lowe Sound when the gas finally ran out. It took three more hours to pole in. The tide was out, and we frequently scraped bottom, sur-

ring up sparkles of phosphorus. It was a chilly, moonless night, dark as the inside of a trunk, except for the stars and those twinkling disturbances under the waves. For Frank and me it was especially cold because we had saturated ourselves playing rodeo.

Rudy's daddy was concerned about us. He had built a huge fire on the beach and, with the impressive Mrs. Knowles looming beside him, was feeding it palm fronds when we poled into the dock. In minutes Rudy had filled the tank and was speeding us around Money Point to the *Queen B*, anchored at Morgan's Bluff. We were three hours past rendezvous and the others were relieved to see that we had not been taken by the chickcharneys. After some drinks, a dinner of dolphin and french fries and a change to dry clothes (in that inverted order, because Frank was starved), Captain O'Neill suggested we have a look at the strange fish in the well. We opened the hatch and there, its glittering black body curled up like a sleeping child, was a seven-foot blue marlin. One of the

continued



I had near strikes and boated seven fish, which ran four to nine pounds.

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others had hooked it at 5 o'clock that afternoon off the Joulsters. O'Neill said they also had hooked another, larger one — "probably half again as big"—and fought it for 20 minutes before it threw the hook. They had had other action, too: a pair of 40-pound dolphins, a nice wahoo and some big barracuda, which were taken on light spinning tackle over a reef. The safari had definitely taken a turn for the good.

The next morning, to our grateful surprise, Rudy and Granville arrived with both Whalers. They had set out before daybreak and made the long haul around Andros, to retrieve Bill's abandoned boat. "And now," said Granville, "we're ready to take you to the bonefish." Fifty yards from the *Queen B* one of the boats ran out of gas again, and we had to wait an hour for Rudy to fetch us more from Lowe Sound. It took an hour because he also stopped to catch a pail of soldier crabs for bait. Bill, a purist, said he would stick to his guns. He also made a point of loading the decoys on one of the boats in case we eventually decided on a little more duck hunting, which, of course, we eventually did not.

The day was warm. And the water was so calm we seemed to be gliding above it instead of on it. The flats on the lee side of the Joulsters encompass thousands of acres of white water no more than a couple of feet deep. The tide was going out. We would not have much time. We were barely on the flats when Granville began pointing ahead. "There! There!" he called from the other boat.

Rudy, disdainful, ignored him.

"Only a listen or so," he said.

"A dozen! Listen, I spent a whole day looking at none," I said. "Let's go after the dozen."

"Oh, don't worry. You gonna see more," said Rudy. He was out of the boat now, pulling it along, watching for ripples. When bonefish feed they plunge their noses in the sand for small crabs and sea worms, and their tails flutter on the surface. When our eyes became accustomed we could see them, too, and the direction in which they were feeding—many schools, some of them 50 yards wide. They were all around us. And the

continued



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Chickcharney

more remarkable—we were the only boat on the flats. "What did I tell you—what'd-I-tellya!" Bill shouted.

Rudy prides himself in beating his father at bonefishing (he concedes Granville's mastery at boar hunting), and in the two hours we were on the flats I had nine strikes and boated seven fish, four to six pounds. The procedure was to cast ahead of the feeding fish, allowing the crab meat to settle on the bottom, and then back off. When one struck, Rudy had what he said was a simple but fool-proof formula: "Jerk your rod three times. If it still on, you got him." Because the bonefish are the fighters they are, there is considerable crane work to be done, too, but Rudy's Law proved accurate enough. Every now and then a barracuda invaded the flats to grab one of the bonefish, but these forays disturbed traffic only momentarily. In the other boat Bill and Granville were engaged in rather noisy polemics on Bill's use of the jig—"We come out here to catch fish, not to scare them." Granville was saying—but our triumphs continued regularly before the outgoing tide forced us off the flats.

We ate lunch there in the boats at the edge of the channel. Later we explored the reefs for tarpon, which happened to be somewhere else for the day, and then Granville chased and netted a green turtle that had surfaced between the boats. The water was alive with activity. Going down the channel we passed over a huge peck of bluefin sharks, a hundred or more, some of them six feet long.

On the way back to Lowe Sound, Rudy chased a manta ray, a devilish fish that was bigger than the top of a car, and, in a moment of sport, powered across the lines of two settlement women fishing alone in a dinghy. They stood up in the little boat shaking their fists at him. He giggled happily. One of them, he said, was the mother of one of his children. I suggested that stunts like that could get him in bad with the chick-charneys, but he said he did not worry because he keeps on their good side.

"Have you ever seen them at work?"

"Oh, yes, many times. There was once a man in our settlement who did not believe in them. He said we show him a

nest and he'll laugh right in it. We took two cars and we took him to a nest and he got up there where it was and laughed into the nest. The moment he did that, all eight tires on the two cars went flat." He clapped his hands together to emphasize the action.

Time did not allow us to go back to the other side of Andros for the wild boars, and I had the impression it was just as well, because in my mind I could see Rudy dropping me off on the shore where the herds were and leaving me there to fend for myself. His respect for the pigs is too great to suit me. Some other time, when Granville is with us, we will go again, for if Granville and Rudy Knowles say the pigs are there then they are there.

We had, nevertheless, proved that the safari Bill Curtis dreamed up months before made for entertainment of a high order. We had caught marlin and dolphins, barracuda, snapper and wahoo, jacks, yellowtail and a green turtle. And we had seen the teeming bonefish flats (just as Curtis had described them) and squadrons of ducks, and had explored a strange and beautiful land. And we had discovered Rudy Knowles.

TRAVEL FACTS

Boats for sport-fishing in the Bahamas can be chartered in Miami (Key Biscayne or Pier 5) or out of Nassau. A typical charter will sleep four to six, plus a crew of two. Prices are largely a matter of negotiation. They start at \$300 and go to \$950 a day. Fuel, dockage, bait, food and ice run to another \$50 a day. Big bluefin tuna appear off Bimini and Cat Cay in late May and early June. White marlin and sailfish are most common from February to April; blue-marlin fishing is best from June through August. The Nassau Charter Boat Association operates year round out of Nassau. Boats go out for a week or longer to Abaco, Andros, the Berry Islands, Eleuthera and the Exumas. They cost from \$600 to \$1,000 a week with the usual extras. Big-game tackle is provided, but fishermen should bring their own light sporting tackle and fly rods for the flats, and their own guns if they wish to shoot. Native guides for bonefishing and duck hunting cost \$20 a day, \$40 with boat. The closed season on quail or duck is April 1 to September 1, and many birds are permanently protected. Anyone convicted of infringements is liable to the confiscation of all his goods (including his yacht).



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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by TOM C. BRODY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

CLEVELAND (4-1) Manager Burdette Tebbetts, a man of subtle superstitions, got the chance to get his hair cut when the Indians finally lost a game after opening the season with 10 straight wins, tying a major league record. But then Sam McDowell pitched his second consecutive one-hitter, and Burdette may begin ignoring barber chairs all over again. BALTIMORE (4-0) was in the lead, doing more than what Manager Hank Bauer warned. "I like to crucify those second-division clubs," he said, "and hold my own against the contenders." The Orioles crucified Detroit, decidedly first division, and walloped five home runs in the process. Frank Robinson and Boog Powell got theirs in the first Tiger game, rookie Dave Johnson had two and Curt Blefary another in the second. Eddie Stanky was shocked when he phoned the CINCINNATI (4-1) clubhouse from his flu bed. "This is Eddie," he told fill-in Manager Tony Cucinello. "Eddie who?" came the reply, and Stanky hurried back to work. If he recuperates it will be the bullpen that is responsible. Eddie Fisher has saved four games, rookie Dennis Higgins has given up two earned runs in 11½ innings and Bob Locker nothing in 13½ innings. Defending champion MINNESOTA (1-2), shut out by Detroit, frozen one day and rained out four more, was not sure whether it was the pennant or a skunk or swimming championship it was defending. DETROIT (2-3) got an exciting shutout from Pitcher Dennis McLain, then further excitement against the Athletics when Al Kaline stole a base with his team leading 13-5. "That's nice," said A's Manager Al Dark. "Do you always steal with an eight-run lead?" Only, a player said, when a spitball is thrown at him. Dark, no doubt, was the more irked because those five runs represented a bonanza for KANSAS CITY (1-5). In three games his A's came up with nothing, in another, one run. Luckily that was all Roland Sheldon needed as he shut out his old new york (3-3) teammates. The Yankees are still a sick team, but on a diet of Missouri male they are beginning to show some life. For those who thought he had lost the knack, Roger Maris hit a home run—his first—as the Yankees scored 10 runs on the Athletics. "Those two youngsters [meaning Jackie Warner and Rick Reichardt] make me think something is going to happen in every game," said CALIFORNIA (2-3) Manager Bill Rigney. The Angels were down six runs to the Red Sox going into the eighth when Zok and Pow and the whole Angel lineup went berserk. Warner drove in two runs, Reichardt hit homers five and six and 12 runs crossed

the plate. WASHINGTON (2-3) needed a dozen tries before getting a complete game from a pitcher. When it came, Mike McCormick's shutout of the Yankees was a dandy. "How's it feel to be the ace?" a teammate asked him on the team bus. McCormick responded, "Wait a couple of weeks. I might be driving this thing." BOSTON (2-4) got the usual home runs and Manager Billy Herman, as usual, shuffled fresh pitchers in (he used 17 in four games) as opposing batters shattered them out.

Standings: Balt. 12-1, Cleve. 10-1, Chi. 10-4, Det. 10-7, Cal. 8-3, Minn. 9-3, Wash. 4-10, Bos. 4-11, NY 4-12, KC 3-11

NATIONAL LEAGUE

HOUSTON (5-1), wallowing in an embarrassment of good pitchers, certainly will not cut Dave Giusti, whose three-hitter against the Cardinals was his second straight strong game. Overstuffed Manager Grady Hatton probably would prefer to lop off a base runner or so. Two Astros were picked off base and two more were caught stealing, but even they could not slow an attack that saw Rusty Staub start a ninth-inning rally by striking out. The pitch got by Brave Catcher Gene Oliver, and John Bateman singled Staub home one out later. SAN FRANCISCO (3-4) quite possibly will not survive home-run No. 512—the one with which Willie Mays will break the National League record. A huge "512" cake was delivered to Candlestick Park on Monday, and the club has grown stale waiting for Willie to eat it. Something he did eat caused him to

miss a game, but the worst Gianni stomach belongs to Manager Herman Franks, who sat through tasteless performances by Pitchers Frank Lenz, Lundy McDowell and Bob Shaw. PHILADELPHIA'S (3-1) Richie Allen dove back into second base and did not get up. "I hope it isn't as bad as I think," Manager Gene Mauch said. It wasn't. Allen will be out for only a week. In the meantime there are Dick Groat, who filled in with four hits the next night, and Mauch's two-man rainy day rotation—Chris Short and Jim Bunning. Not as catchy as "Spain, Spain and a day of..." but just as effective. The problems with playing LOS ANGELES (5-2) used to be three: Sandy Koufax, Don Drysdale and Claude Osteen. With Don Sutton there are now four. The Big Three pitchers won impressively, but Sutton's five-hit, 10-strikeout effort against the Braves was the best of them all. CINCINNATI (2-4) Outfielder Vada Pinson had another one of those four-for-four days, and it won a game. Rookie Tommy Helms's single won another, beating Koufax, no less, but if you think Manager Don Heckler is all smiles you err. Nobody else is hitting, and best Pitcher Jim Maloney is hurting. PITTSBURGH (2-2) thought it had a patient on last-minute uprisings, then the Mets beat them with four runs in the 11th. Roberto Clemente and associates put a quick stop to that nonsense, belting seven assorted triples and doubles the next time they played. NEW YORK (2-1) Acting Manager Yogi Berra sent up pinch-hitter Chuck Hiller, a left-hander, against the Pirates' left-handed Luke Walker, raising eyebrows. "That's all we had," Berra said, and that was plenty. Hiller hit a two-run single. Just like that the Mets were flirting with .500 again. "Youth and speed!" yelled CINCINNATI (1-4) Manager Leo Durocher. "That's my kind of ball club." The Cubs had just won a couple. Then Leo's kind of team lost four straight, giving up 40 runs. It was most unusual, the way ATLANTA'S (3-4) Hank Aaron was being pushed around, but for those who thought it would last—whack. And then whack, whack, whack! Hank had four more home runs, eight all told. With Felipe Alou helping lustily and Ken Johnson throwing a three-hitter at the Giants the Braves managed to stay close to the lead, ST. LOUIS (2-5) easily heads the league in disgruntled pitchers. "We're resting away," said Curt Simmons. So were the batters. Alex Johnson cracked six hits in two games, but the Cardinals could manage only six runs while losing four games.

Standings: Pitt. 11-5, LA 12-7, SF 12-7, Phil. 9-6, Atl. 10-5, New York 9-5, NY 5-7, St. L. 10, Cal. 4-11, Cin. 4-12

CLUB STATISTICS*

NATIONAL LEAGUE

	RR	OPP.	HR	SB	OUT	DP	E	ERA
PIT	14	14	30	5	15	5	3	3.60
PHI	9	9	6	2	5	5	3	3.63
LA	12	9	17	7	9	38	215	
SF	39	16	2	3	7	33	258	
ATL	23	13	8	4	12	15	2.89	
HO	14	17	10	6	20	18	3.61	
NY	8	9	6	1	15	15	3.85	
STL	30	13	18	5	13	20	3.14	
CIN	7	9	7	3	7	8	3.84	
CHI	12	17	6	3	12	20	5.36	

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	BALT.	CLEV.	CHI	DET.	CAL.	MINN.	WASH.	BOS.	NY	KC
RR	22	8	8	3	12	8	2.65			
OPP.	9	8	8	4	8	10	1.52			
HR	9	8	17	9	3	9	1.90			
SB	25	18	9	4	38	8	3.45			
OUT	18	15	8	7	15	12	3.20			
DP	8	9	3	4	8	10	2.82			
E	11	15	1	2	12	9	4.24			
ERA	5	18	2	2	19	17	5.20			
NY	16	9	7	2	18	18	3.14			
KC	1	30	5	5	14	17	3.84			

*through April 30

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

ONLY YOU, ROONE ARLIDGE

Sirs:

Congratulations to SI, Roone Arledge and Gilbert Rogin on the perceptive article, *It's Sport, It's Money, It's TV* (April 25). Television has had a staggering impact on sports, and it's time the relationship of the two was placed in perspective. More discussion on this subject would certainly be advantageous to both "industries."

BOB SELWART

St. Petersburg, Fla.

Sirs:

In his analysis of sports on television, Roone Arledge outlines certain characteristics that make a sport desirable to television: 1) a pace and rhythm that create action or, at least, an aura of anticipation, 2) a larger-than-life physical quality that can be conveyed to the viewer by use of the closeup, and 3) a structure to the event that provides time-outs or breaks to get the commercials in. I submit that he has given us a fine definition of boxing. Has he thought of bringing this sport back to us?

CHARLES BAIGOT

Duluth

Sirs:

Thank you for giving us Roone Arledge's view of sports and TV, but I hope he will take a closer look at hockey. A spectator's attention is held longer by something difficult and penetrating than by something easy, so long as the tension is relieved in the end. Hockey fans won't take their eyes off the game for fear of missing the rare scoring play. This is the release they have been waiting for. If TV should change the game to include five-man teams and 10-8 scores, as Arledge suggests, viewers would turn on the set only for the last five minutes of the game, as so many, myself included, now do with basketball.

JOHN R. PACKARD

Lexington, Mass.

Sirs:

Roone Arledge says, "Golf is a great game for television." Golf is a great game to play on sunny weekends and watch on television any weekday.

Arledge says, "Some sports are overexposed if you see them twice a year." Golf is being overexposed when you see it on TV Saturday and Sunday, *let alone* long.

Arledge says, "We started all this, I'm sorry to say." It's too late to be sorry. So many golf balls have been bogged through my picture tube, the set is dead thank goodness.

REXWELL D. CHIDISTER

Meritt Island, Fla.

THE EVIL EYE

Sirs:

Your concern over the purchase of the New York Yankees by CBS, as expressed in your *LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER* (April 25), may be justified, but I feel that your objections are based on the wrong reasons.

It seems clear to me that CBS has every right in the world to have a financial interest in baseball. In the first place, it's obvious that baseball can no longer be considered purely as a sport. Baseball is business. Big business. Baseball is also a legitimate entertainment function of television, and I believe that CBS has a right to be involved in the presentation of such entertainment material, even in an ownership capacity.

As for conflict of interest, you seem to be forgetting the fact that the Yankees are only one of 20 teams in major league baseball, all of which compete in a most direct way.

What does concern me is the gradual removal of baseball men from the management of the sport. The Wrigleys, Yankleys and Griffiths have not always been the most generous of leaders, but it has been clear that their interest in baseball has been motivated by something more than profit. The shift in management to corporation and group ownership has hurt baseball. In other words, the dangerous precedent inherent in CBS ownership of the Yankees is not ownership by television as such, but ownership by anyone whose paramount interest is larger or smaller than the best interests of baseball.

TERRY POWELL

New Bedford, Mass.

Sirs:

How in the world can you say that it is wrong for a TV and radio network (CBS) to own a baseball club? You say the worst that can happen is that the network might distort the ball club into its own image. Considering the state of baseball today, that just might be the best thing to do. If anyone is concerned with a public image, it is CBS, which must live or die by ratings. Lucky move they make has to meet public approval. Do you prefer baseball in the image of individual owners like William Bartholomew and John McAlle, who run a traveling circus and pitch tent wherever they please, or Charlie Faley, who aptly rides a mule, while the A's flounder in the cellar of the AL?

ED SHARRON

New Haven, Conn.

Sirs:

How long will it be before CBS cancels the Johnny Keane show?

SPIRO DARTON

Chapel Hill, N.C.

BRAVE WARRIORS

Sirs:

I was surprised to read your opinion regarding the Milwaukee-Atlanta legal struggle over the Braves (*SCORECARD*, April 25). I don't believe you can place the "trapping" of Milwaukee by the carpetbaggers in the same category with the moving of the Boston franchise to Milwaukee in 1953.

Milwaukee did not seek out or entice the Boston Braves as Atlanta did the Milwaukee franchise. Prior to the Braves' move to Milwaukee Bill Veeck, the former successful owner of the Milwaukee Brewers, had shown a genuine interest in moving his St. Louis Browns to Milwaukee. It was at this time that Lou Perini entered the picture. This Boston Braves had attracted 281,000 spectators in 1952, and rather than let Veeck snatch a lucrative baseball territory from him, Perini decided he would move the Braves to Milwaukee. He already had the inside track, because he owned the Milwaukee franchise in the American Association.

JAMES DUGGAN

Oconomowoc, Wis.

Sirs:

Your article leaves a great many things unsaid regarding Wisconsin's case against the migratory Braves. You neglected to mention that in recently as 1964 Milwaukee outdrew 10 of the 20 major league franchises. Even the falling attendance was due not to lack of fan interest, but to inept front-office management.

Also, when the Braves moved to Milwaukee in 1953 they did not leave Boston devoid of a major league team, as is the case with their move from Milwaukee to Atlanta. On such tests Wisconsin's amicus suit, and there are many fans like myself who hope they win it all down the line and restore some dignity to a once proud "sport."

RAT PD MARTIN

Elko, Nev.

Sirs:

As a citizen of Atlanta, I thought I should reply to your comment that the citizens of Atlanta "seem to have their doubts" as to their approval of the statutes used by the Braves' owners in their move here. This is not true. The Southeast has long been denied major league sports, and now that we have them, nobody is shedding any tears for Milwaukee on Peachtree Street.

As for Judge Relfer, we don't bear a grudge against him. In fact, there's a rumor that a statue of the legal genius of Milwaukee may be erected right here—next to the statue of General Sherman.

GUY ARLEDGE

Atlanta

continued

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18TH HOLE

DILLYDALLY

Sirs:

I noticed in reading about the Masters played off that the round took over five hours. To me this is absolutely ridiculous. As if golf isn't slow enough already. Things like this automatically encourage every weekend hacker to dillydally around the course more than he already does. There is no excuse for 18 holes ever to take more than three and a half to four hours.

What I would like to ask is how the professional golfers themselves can justify playing that slow. Is it really necessary to spend an eternity lining up a putt just to miss it as badly as Jack Nicklaus did on the 17th hole of the fourth round or Gay Brewer on the 18th? Unfortunately, too many amateurs feel that they are not really playing golf unless they take a similar amount of time to line up a putt or select a club out on the fairway. Yet, other than allowing for a very quick appraisal of the general slope of a green, I seriously doubt if any golfer above a five handicap benefits himself (or herself) from lining up a putt. As a matter of fact, most amateurs hardly know what they are looking for.

As a solution to this problem I would like to suggest a new rule for the USGA and the PGA, namely, that once a player reaches his ball he be allowed no more than 45 seconds in which to hit it, under penalty of two strokes for each infraction.

GORDON R. LUDWIG

Escondido, Calif.

MORE RUFFIANS

Sirs:

Your recent article, *Gentlemanly Game for Ruffians* (April 4), was read with interest here in Hawaii. The University of California has indeed produced outstanding ruffians. Their Australia-bound team visited us last year. Mr. Norman V. Chimenti of New Haven, Conn. (18TH HOLE, April 25) noted that the Yale Rugby Club plays a fair game, too.

We in Hawaii are equally proud of our Rugby. As an undergraduate at Yale I played an occasional match in the late 1950s. Although the game has undoubtedly grown vastly in stature since then, the ruffians from Yale would, nevertheless, find a series of matches against the six teams that comprise Hawaii's Rugby Union most interesting and demanding.

Hawaii's spring Rugby season ended April 23 with a pair of games at the Iolani School Scholarship Fund Carnival. We shall resume play in October and continue to mid-April 1967. Perhaps Mr. Chimenti and his team would agree to visit us during Yale's 1967 spring vacation. Cal and Stanford have already been invited.

CURRIE M. KEATOR

Honolulu

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The Tainted Road to a Title

Somehow the author's grand scheme to win a boxing championship without really trying worked—or did it? **by BILL MacKAY**

The biggest sporting event at the high school I attended did not occur on the gridiron or the diamond or the court or the cinder track, but, rather, in the ring. It was the Annual All-School Boxing Show, and it was the school superintendent's pet project. As an unsophisticated teen-ager, I believed that the superintendent had conceived this yearly spectacle in order to fill a dull void in late March after the basketball season had ended but while it was yet too cold to begin baseball and track. However, in later years I looked back and realized that the boxing tournament had been instituted primarily as a sure-fire method for enriching the school's athletic department.

Financially, the fistie show couldn't have failed. Our town abounded with boxing enthusiasts. Even so, the superintendent left nothing to chance. Each student was instructed to buy a 35¢ junior ticket for himself and was expected to hustle at least a pair of 75¢ adult tickets among his parents, relatives and adult acquaintances.

One thing about the superintendent, he insisted upon giving the ticket buyers their money's worth. The boxing tournament ran for a week. Consequently, it required a starting field of nearly 130 combatants. A complicating factor was the fact that there were in the school perhaps only 20 boys who really knew what to do after lacing on a pair of boxing gloves. They were a lethal array. Some wore Golden Gloves, and several of them actually fought at clubs in nearby Minneapolis for what was euphemistically referred to as expenses.

Naturally, the rest of us dreaded the prospect of climbing into the ring with any one of them. We rightly considered that Custer's troops had enjoyed a fairer shake against the Indians. As a result, boxing-show recruitment posed a major challenge. The superintendent surmounted it easily by appointing the football, basketball, track and baseball coaches as the boxing-show co-promoters and talent scouts.

So along about St. Patrick's Day each aspirant for athletic glory could count on being summoned to the appropriate coach's office. Red Spolberg, the football coach, favored the direct approach. "MacKay," he'd pour at me, "practice a lotta passin' this summer and keep your legs in shape, 'cause I plan to play you a lot next fall." Then

he'd add, "Unless, of course, you do something to change my mind. Here Sign this."

"This" always turned out to be an Annual All-School Boxing Show entry blank. One does not tell the man who holds sole power over one's athletic future to go stuff his boxing-show entry blank in the wastebasket. I signed. Everybody signed.

Not that we low-rated the boxing journey. The winner of each division was awarded a handsome purple felt boxing glove with *CHAMPION* emblazoned in gold across it. The emblem was as prized as a major-spot monogram. It carried with it a dividend, because the mere sight of one on a letter sweater usually inhibited helligenter types from nearby towns at Saturday night dances.

However, we nonboxers were realists. Even if we hooked out a couple of wins in the early bouts, we knew that sooner or later we would meet a genuine boxer who would gleefully practice his two-, three- and four-punch combinations on the lower parts of our faces. Prudence dictated that one must lose his opening bout without seeming to take an out-and-out dive. If one's opponent was also inept the trick was to let him outpoint you. Those of us who unfortunately drew a bona fide fighter would make a craven deal, extracting his oath to pull his punches in return for our sincere pledge "not to try no funny stuff." If that failed, the only stratagem remaining was to catch his opening punch on the gloves and then sink to the canvas as if mortally wounded.

However, in my junior year overweening ambition got the best of me. Looking over the field in my 134-to-145-pound bracket, I failed to find listed the name of anyone who might remotely be considered a pugilist. I resolved to win the title, and I enlisted the aid of my best buddy, Bert Kloster. "Start a rumor," I instructed him. "Say that I have

been taking secret boxing lessons and that I am a natural southpaw with a dynamite left."

Bert reminded me, "You can't fight for the championship on Friday night, Friday's federal inspection."

Bert and I and four other fellows were rear-rank privates in the local National Guard company. In those days, merely by falsifying his age, one could enlist in the Guard. It paid a dollar a week for an hour's drill, and we considered it akin to stealing money. Federal inspection was the night when Regular Army authorities looked us over. Because it had something to do with the allotment of government funds, the penalty for absence was regarded as so dire that even the first sergeant, a calloused man who seemingly knew no fear, could only bring himself to hint at it.

"I got that taken care of," I said blithely. "I'll talk my mom into phoning Captain Flakner that I've got yellow jaundice or something."

Bert's rumor campaign harvested immediate results. The second-string left end approached me before our bout. "Don't hurt me, and I won't try no funny stuff," he pleaded. My second decision was over a boy who suffered from a split personality caused by his mother, who dearly desired him to become a concert pianist, and his father, a former all-state fullback, who repeatedly screamed the same instruction at his son from the fourth row. "Get in there and knock his block off!" Fortunately for me, the pianist half of my opponent's personality prevailed. My third adversary, an aspiring basketball guard, waged a glorious defensive battle and pawed at me weakly only twice during our bout. My Thursday victim dropped to the canvas and feigned disability after I had lightly tapped him on the cheekbone.

Following that match, as Bert and I walked downstairs to the locker room,

continued

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I said, "Guess who I'm fighting for the championship tomorrow night?" Harlow Jessup."

Bert clutched the handrail in a fit of laughter. "Oh, hot dog!" he roared. "A grudge battle."

There were in the school perhaps seven boys whom I could have honestly defeated in a fair fight, and Harlow Jessup, a scrawny kid who lived on a farm several miles west of town, was easily the scariest of the lot. During the previous year's Annual All-School Boxing Show, while temporarily deranged by blood-lust, I had belted poor Harlow unmercifully. Later I apologized, but his antipathy simmered. That summer, at the crest of Marian Loretto's lawn party, he called me an undignified name. He committed a grave tactical error, because not only was he wearing a brand-new sports coat but he was perched on the rim of the lily pond. I gave him a healthy push on the chest, and in he went.

It was safe to say that Harlow disliked me intensely. Somehow it never occurred to me to wonder how he had won his way into the championship final.

Bert and I arrived at the locker room only to find it overrun with pugilists. Red Snolberg recommended that we try the showers in the old school gym through the tunnel. As we neared the end of the tunnel, we heard someone in the old school gym chanting, "O K . . . now. Left! Left! Jab! Jab! Jab!"

We paused to watch a skinny kid in a beat-up boxing headgear who was punishing his sparring partner something awful. The referee was a small man with a face that resembled a discarded truck tire. It was he who provided the commentary, "Left, baby, left! Snap! Snap! Snap!"

"Snap" meant that the lean kid would flick his left hand, I swear, no more than three inches. It looked as if he were casually tapping a tack, yet it caused his opponent's head to whip back as if struck with an iron club. When the skinny kid tired of that he'd drive his right into the other guy's midsection, making the other guy go "oof!"

"O K," said the little man, "knock it off. Save some of it for tomorrow night, Harlow."

We showered together, and Harlow Jessup seemed pleased by the opportunity to tell me that he'd been taking boxing lessons from the small man, a former professional fighter, in the IOOF

Hall twice a week for the past seven months. "Take it easy on me tomorrow night, will ya?" Harlow said, and laughed without humor. I considered making a deal with him, but something about the way he looked at me told me to forget it.

I spent a considerable portion of that night sweating on my pillow, while vividly creating horror pictures of my immediate future. There was the hospital room scene, the frightened stares of my schoolmates gathered silently about my bed as they regarded the shapeless, discolored pulp that once had been my face. They wondered aloud that I refused to converse with them, not knowing that my fractured jaw was wired tightly shut. After a time, they stole out of the room, leaving behind bags and boxes of assorted goodies that I would be unable to eat for weeks.

Following my slow recovery, came the discharged-from-the-National-Guard scene. I knew from movies I had seen exactly how it was done: the slow and ominous roll of the drums, the horror-struck faces of my fellow soldiers, the commanding officer contemptuously ripping the brass buttons from my uniform. After which two burly MPs roughly hustled me off to Leavenworth prison.

It turned out that that night was late Friday evening, so I had time to make the National Guard meeting. The Regular Army captain praised my shins, and after federal inspection ended I rushed over to the school to take my lumps from Harlow Jessup.

Instead I learned that there is some truth to the old saying, "If you aren't good, the next best thing is to be lucky." Several hours earlier, as Jessup hurried through his chores on the farm—no doubt wearing a sadistic smile as he anticipated the carnage he would wreak on my person—he reached down to tinker with an erratic milking machine, and a short circuit knocked him galley-west for the evening. I became an All-School champion by default and received my championship emblem at the awards ceremony.

For years after that my mother used to don my cardigan sweater with the boxing emblem sewed on it whenever she hung laundry outside on chilly days. That was all right with me, because somehow I never had the courage to wear the sweater in public.

END

Have a Ball (Crow Style)



Longball, Old Crow
and Ginger Ale



Cherry-Ball, Old Crow
Manhattan

Beachball: Old Crow
and Water

Fancyball; Old Crow
Old Fashioned



Sourball:
Old Crow Sour



Snowball:
Old Crow Mist



Mint-Ball:
Old Crow Jule



Eight-Ball- All out of Crow

Which is the one whiskey with the most on the ball? For 131 years Old Crow Bourbon has been the one. It was the one that Mark Twain & Henry Clay singled out. Today, Old Crow is the one that makes every drink more memorable, every drink just right. Those who know, call for... **OLD CROW**

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